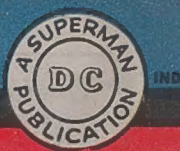




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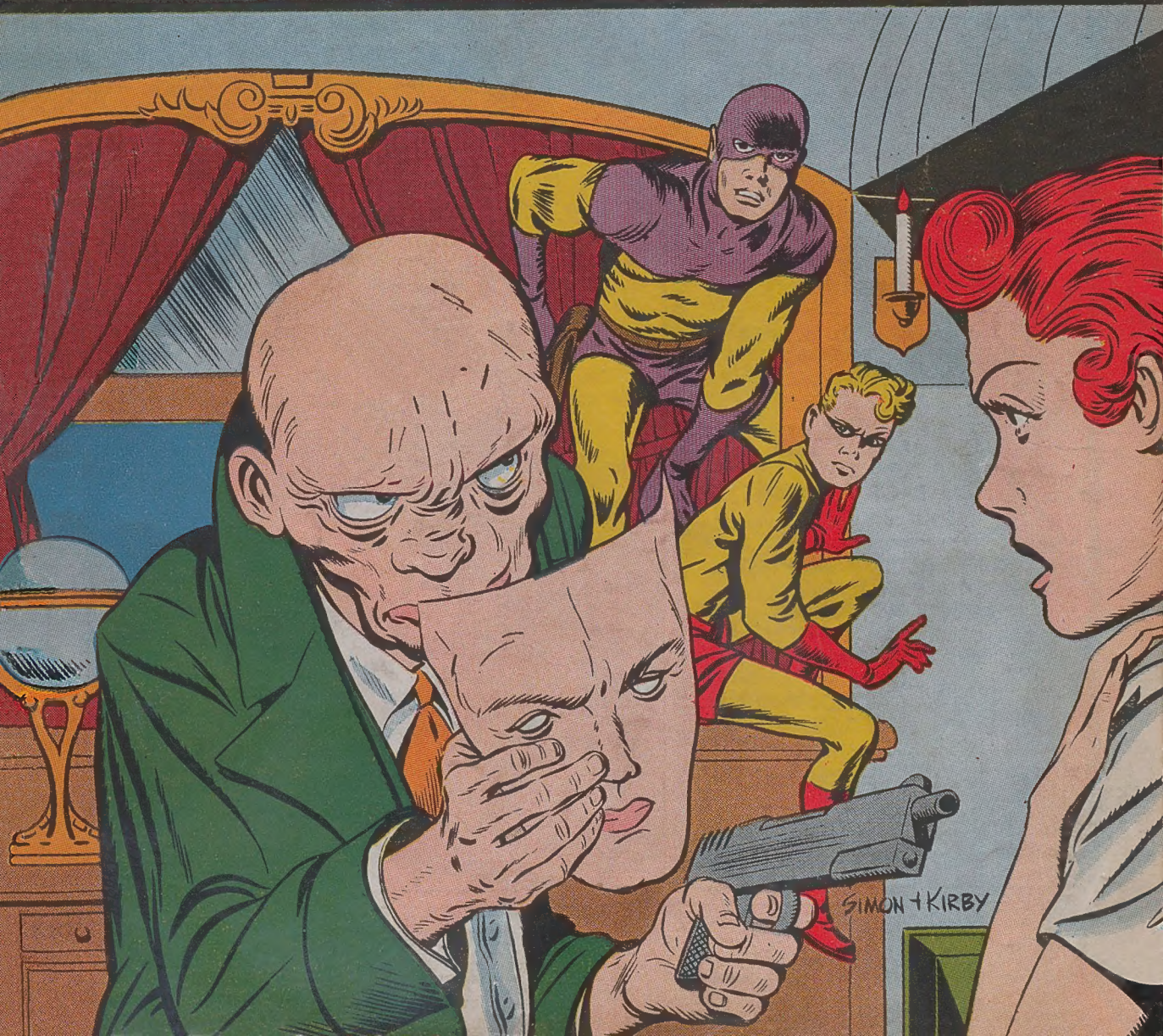
A 52-PAGE  
MAGAZINE



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# Adventure COMICS

Ten  
Cents



SIMON & KIRBY



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# ELEPHANT

WHO NEVER FORGETS  
THAT THIS IS THE  
TRADEMARK  
OF COMICS' BEST BETS!



— ON THE COVER  
OF **REAL  
FACT  
COMICS**,  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
A NEW BEST  
BET IN THE  
**DC GROUP**,  
IT CONTAINS A  
FLOCK OF TOP  
**TRUE FEATURES!**



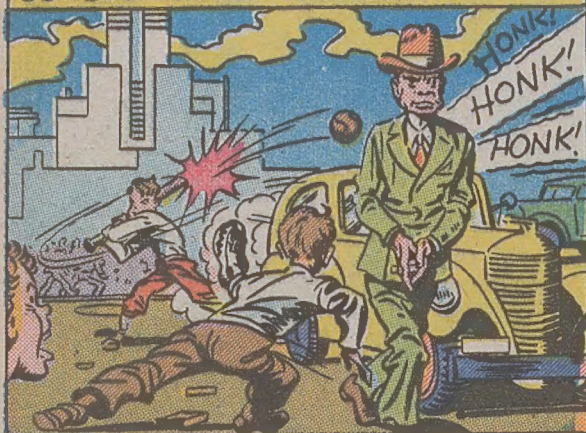


THE WORLD IS FULL OF DROWSY DREAMERS WHO LIVE IN A WONDER-FILLED FUTURE INSTEAD OF THE PROSAIC PRESENT ... BUT TAKE NO STEPS TO MAKE THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE! SO WHEN SANDMAN AND SANDY MEET SUCH A MAN, THEY LEND HIM A HAND... NOT KNOWING INTO WHAT PERIL THEY ARE PUTTING THEIR HEADS!





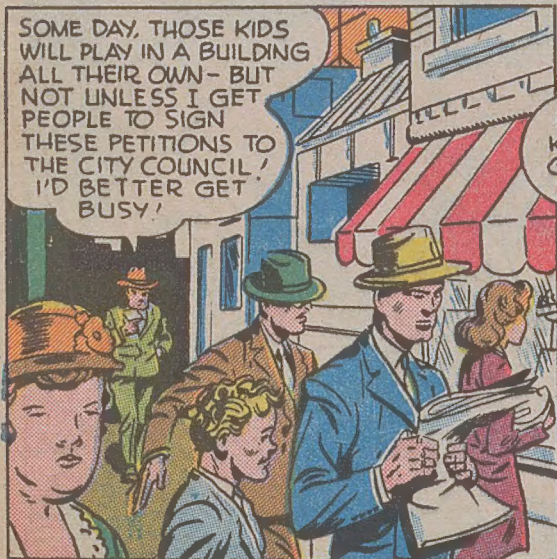
ALTHOUGH IT'S A SUNLIT, NOISY AFTERNOON, PETER GREEN STROLLS, UNMINDFUL OF THE SHRILL TEMPO OF THE CITY... ABSORBED IN DEEP THOUGHT...



FACT IS, HE'S HAVING A BEAUTIFUL DREAM, WHICH HE'S OFTEN HAD BEFORE!



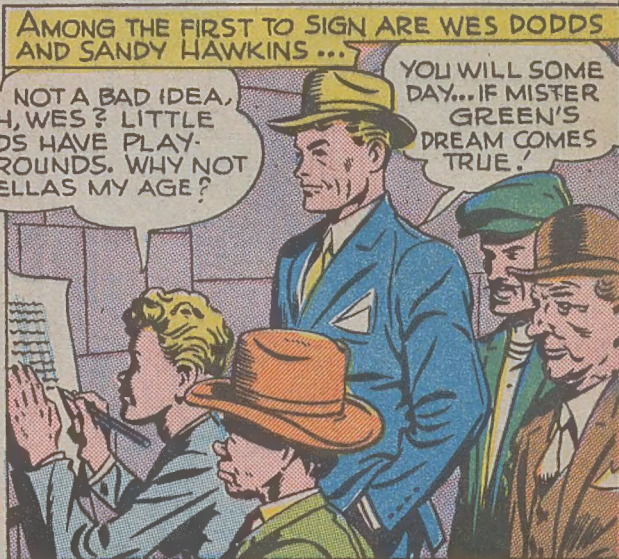
SOME DAY, THOSE KIDS WILL PLAY IN A BUILDING ALL THEIR OWN - BUT NOT UNLESS I GET PEOPLE TO SIGN THESE PETITIONS TO THE CITY COUNCIL! I'D BETTER GET BUSY!



AMONG THE FIRST TO SIGN ARE WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS ...

NOT A BAD IDEA, EH, WES? LITTLE KIDS HAVE PLAY-GROUNDS. WHY NOT FELLAS MY AGE?

YOU WILL SOME DAY... IF MISTER GREEN'S DREAM COMES TRUE!



THERE'S MY SIGNATURE, TOO. WE'VE SEEN SO MANY OTHER DREAMS COME TRUE, THAT I'VE GOT A LOT OF HOPE FOR THIS ONE!

DITTO, WES!



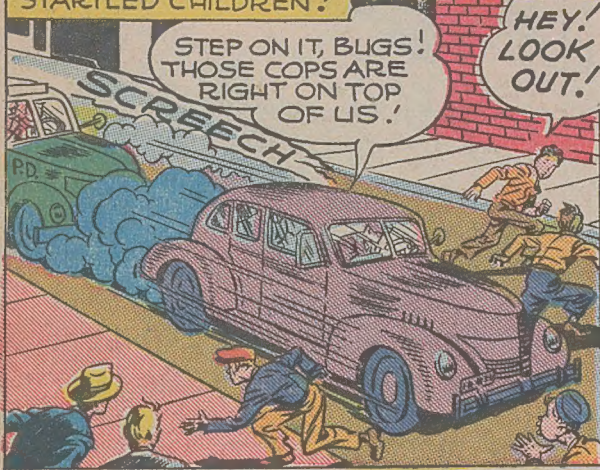
BUT NOT ALL PEOPLE ARE AS ENCOURAGING AS WES AND SANDY...

HAW, HAW! STILL WASTING TIME ON THAT FOOL PROJECT, EH, GREEN? WHY NOT MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS INSTEAD OF OTHERS?





WHILE PETER GREEN'S RETORT STILL TREMBLES ON HIS LIPS, THE AIR ABOUT THEM FILLS WITH THE SCREECH OF WHEELS AND THE CRIES OF STARTLED CHILDREN!



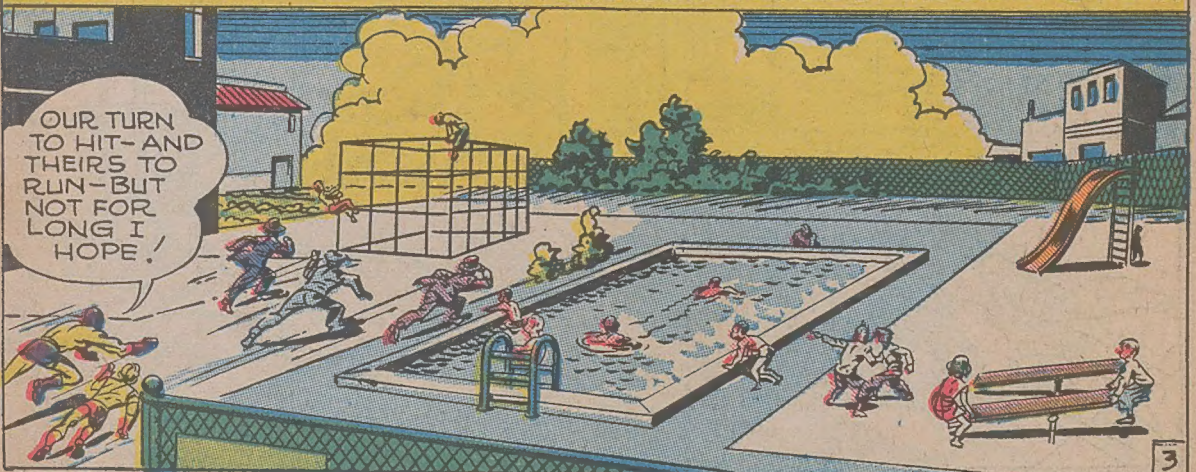
AS THE POLICE ABANDON THE CHASE TO RENDER FIRST AID... WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS UNDERGO A QUICK CHANGE...



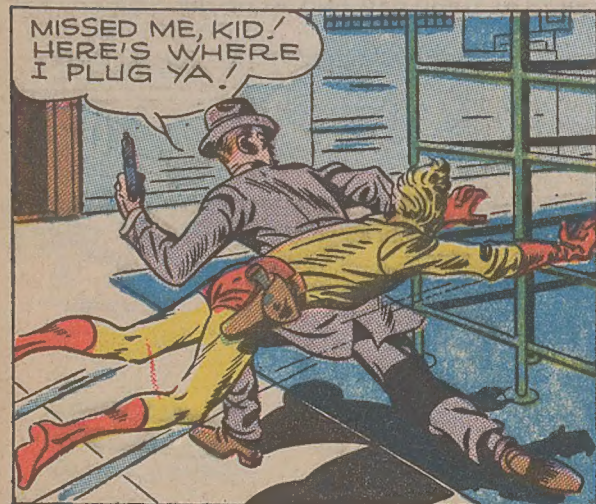
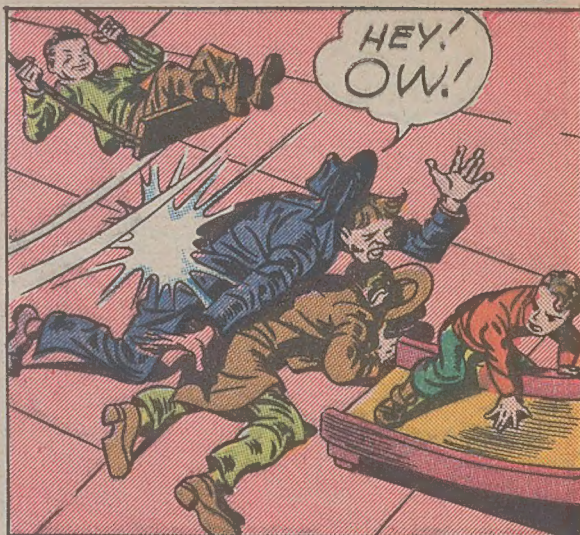
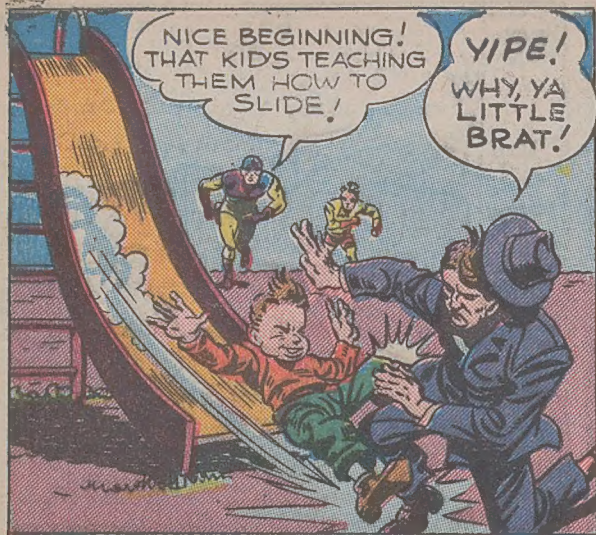
SANDMAN'S SPECIAL WEAPON, THE WIREPOON, WHIPS FIERCELY THROUGH THE AIR—AND FINDS ITS MARK!



THE BLOWN TIRE FORCES THE MOBSTERS TO ABANDON THEIR CAR AND ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE ON FOOT THROUGH A NEARBY CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND—PURSUED BY THE CRIME-FIGHTERS!











PRESENTLY, AFTER A SERIES OF UNREHEARSED ACROBATICS, PEACE REIGNS AGAIN IN THE PLAYGROUND.

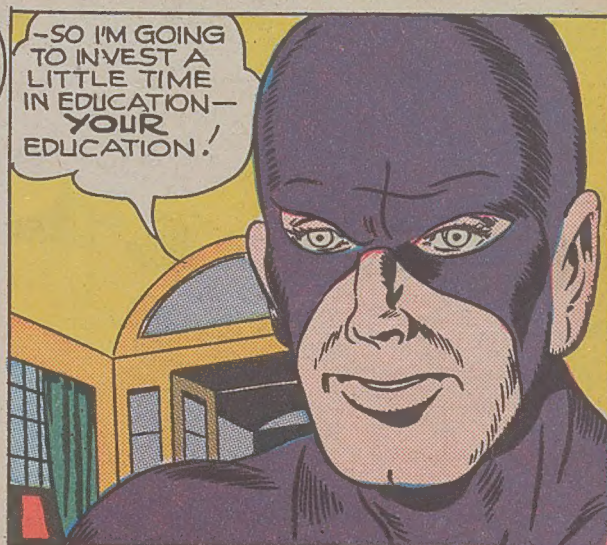
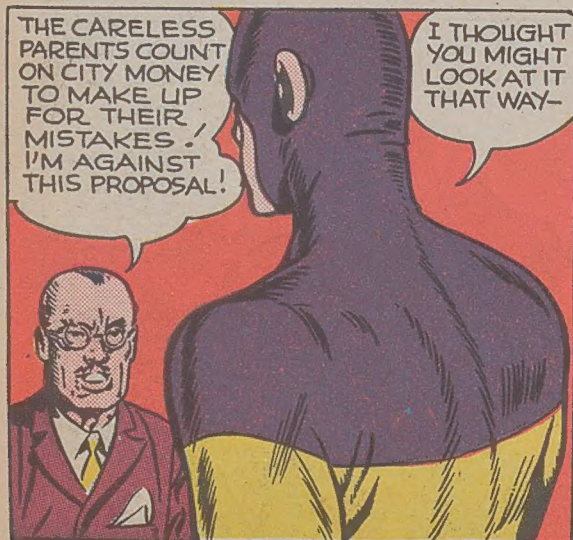
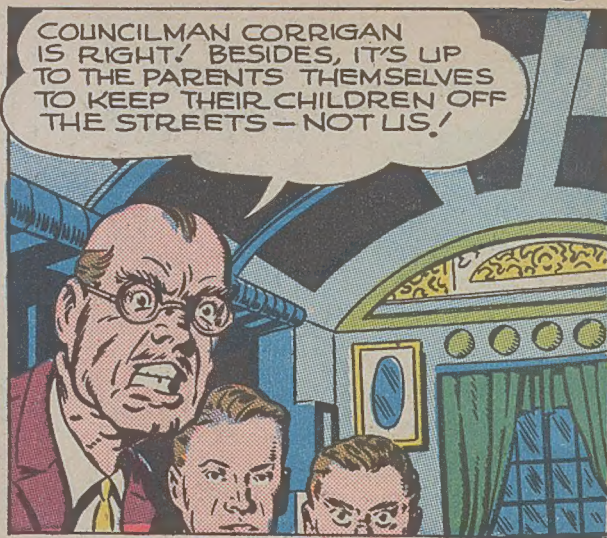
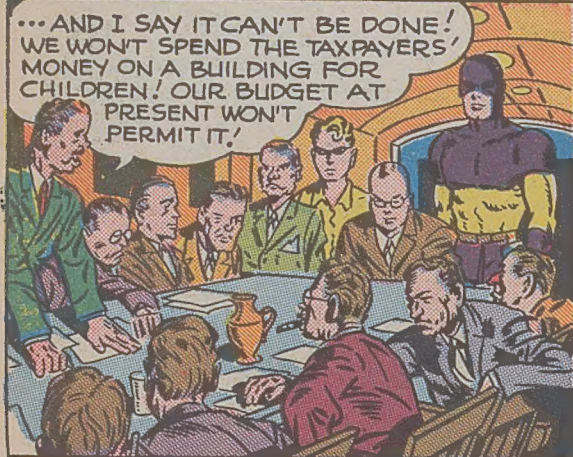


MEANWHILE, A CROWD HAS GATHERED TO CHEER THE GOLDEN PAIR.

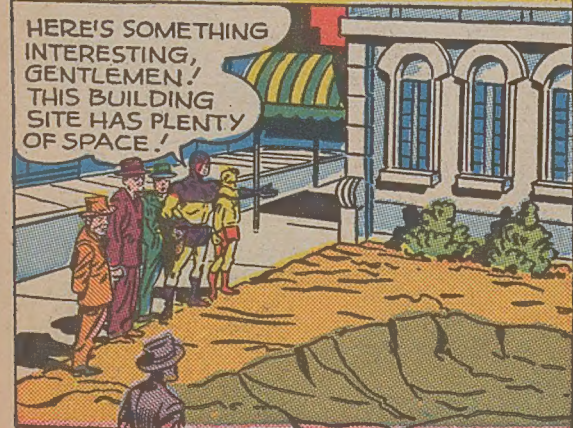




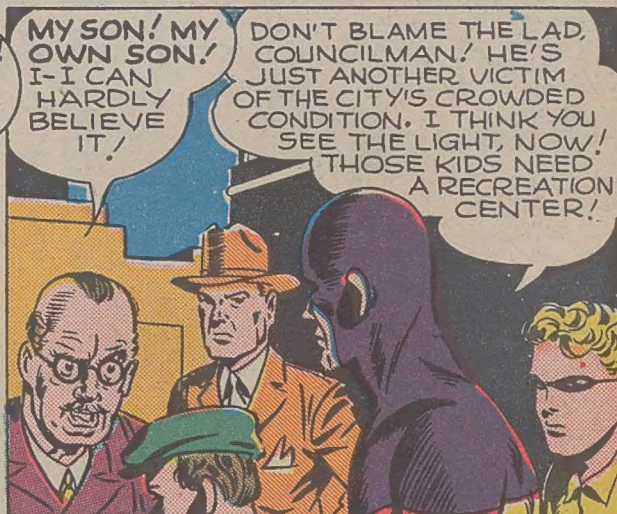
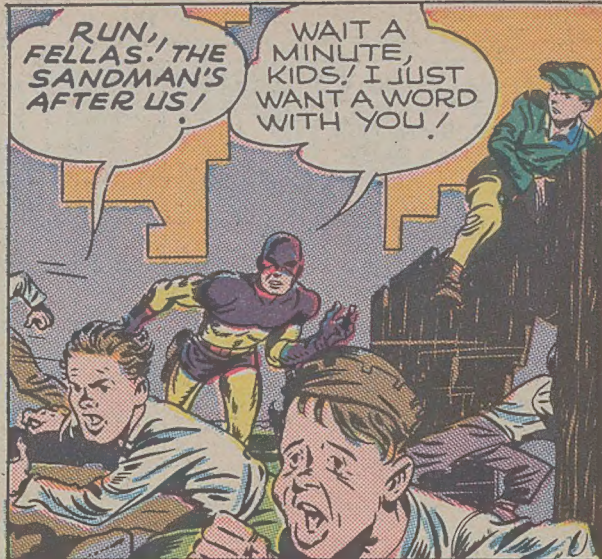
SANDMAN'S WORDS PROVE CORRECT! THE CITY'S LAWMAKERS ARE HARD AND STUBBORN.



UPON THE SANDMAN'S SUGGESTION, SOME MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL FOLLOW HIM TO A "BETTER CLASS" NEIGHBORHOOD...



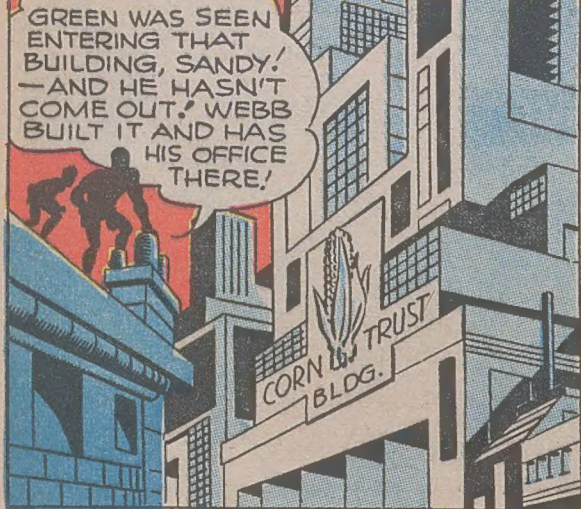






A QUICK SEARCH FOR THE ENDANGERED MAN ENDS NEAR A CITY LANDMARK!

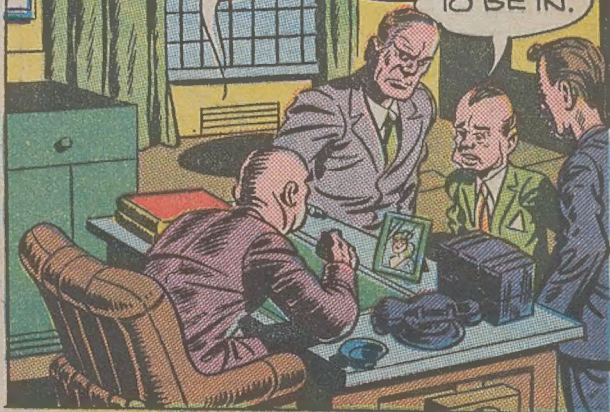
GREEN WAS SEEN ENTERING THAT BUILDING, SANDY! —AND HE HASN'T COME OUT! WEBB BUILT IT AND HAS HIS OFFICE THERE!



MEANWHILE, IN WEBB'S OFFICE ...

I WARNED YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS!

B-BUT IT IS MY BUSINESS! THOSE CHILDREN MUST HAVE A BUILDING THAT IS SAFE TO BE IN!



JUST DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT, WEBB!

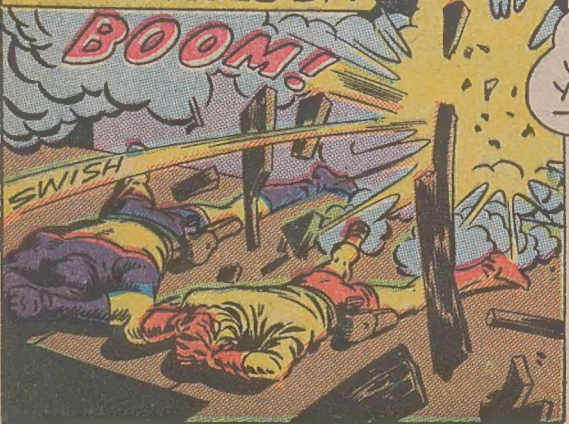
TAKE CARE OF 'EM, BOYS!



I WUZ GONNA USE DIS GRENADE ON GREEN, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I FOUND BETTER SUBJECTS!



THE SANDMAN AND SANDY REACT LIKE SEASONED COMBAT TROOPS—THEY HIT THE FLOOR AS THE DEADLY MISSILE HISSES BY!



EEAAGH!

IT'S COMING DOWN ON US!

OF COURSE—WEBB! IT'S YOUR BUILDING—YOU BUILT IT!

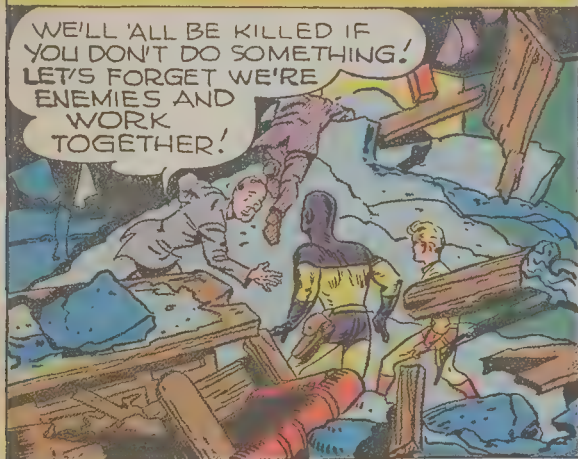




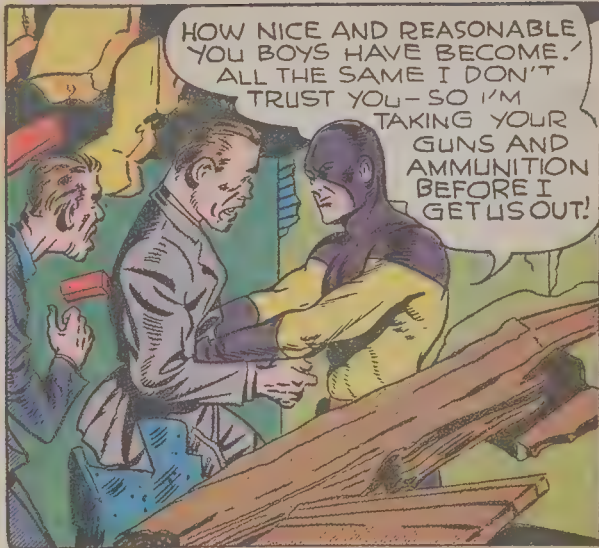


ALL PATHWAYS OF ESCAPE FROM THE COLLAPSING WALLS AND CEILING ARE QUICKLY SEALED BY THE FALLING DEBRIS!

WE'LL 'ALL BE KILLED IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING! LET'S FORGET WE'RE ENEMIES AND WORK TOGETHER!



HOW NICE AND REASONABLE YOU BOYS HAVE BECOME! ALL THE SAME I DON'T TRUST YOU—SO I'M TAKING YOUR GUNS AND AMMUNITION BEFORE I GET US OUT!



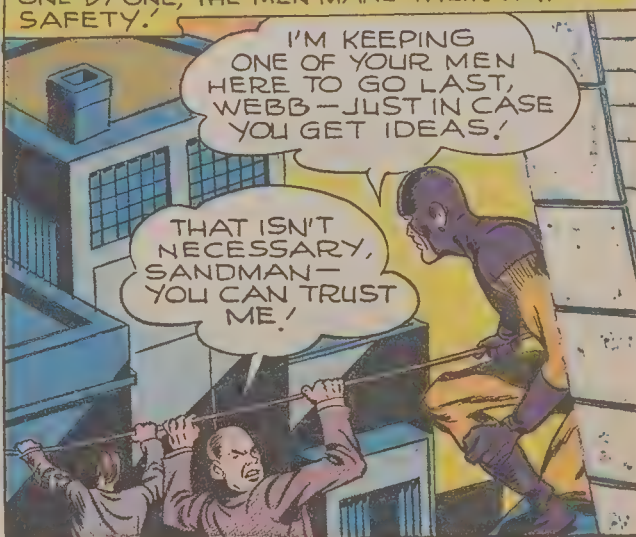
PRESENTLY, SANDMAN'S WIREPOON HISSES ACROSS SPACE TO IMBED ITSELF IN THE BRICKS OF A NEIGHBORING BUILDING!



ONE BY ONE, THE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO SAFETY.

I'M KEEPING ONE OF YOUR MEN HERE TO GO LAST, WEBB—JUST IN CASE YOU GET IDEAS!

THAT ISN'T NECESSARY, SANDMAN—YOU CAN TRUST ME!



BUT AS SOON AS HE'S SAFELY ACROSS, WEBB REVERTS TO TYPE.

GRAB 'EM, RATS! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FINISH THE SANDMAN WHILE HE'S CROSSING OVER!

I GOT 'EM, BOSS!



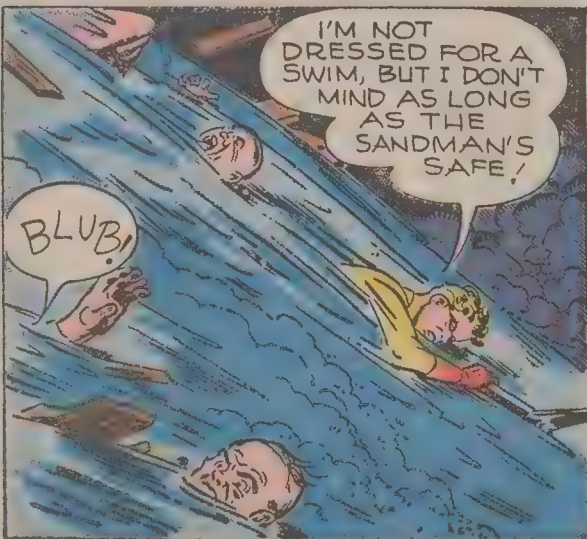
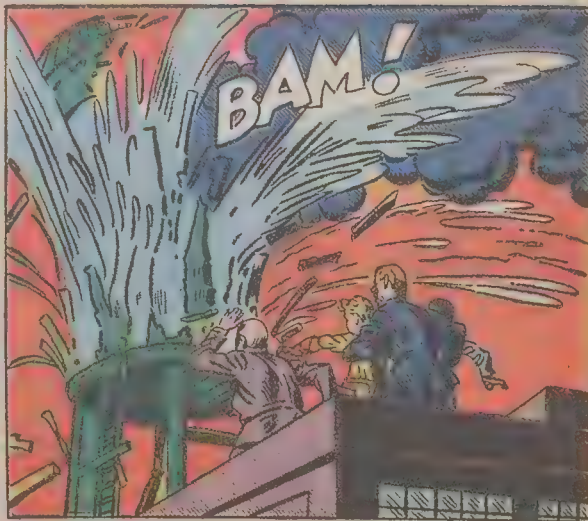
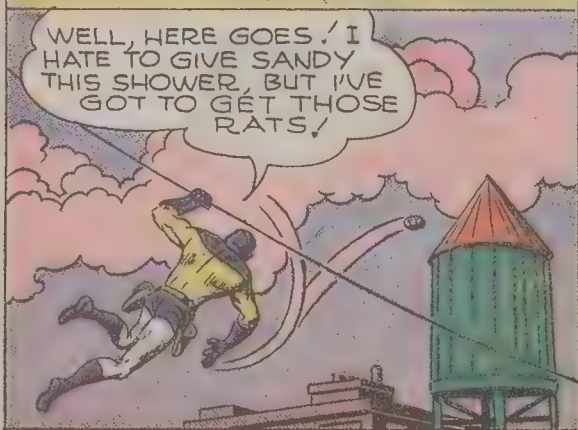
I THOUGHT WEBB WOULD PULL SOMETHING LIKE THAT! LUCKY I FOUND THIS PINEAPPLE IN HIS OFFICE!



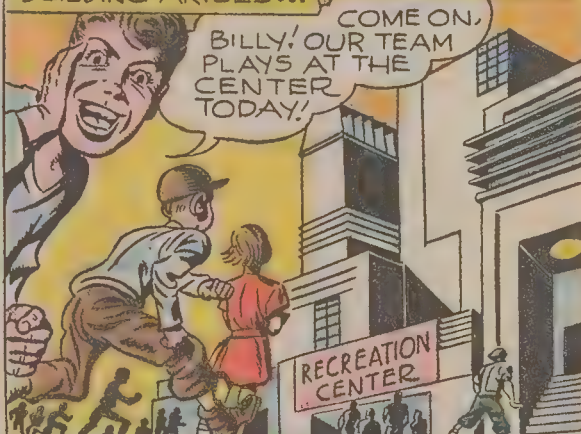




THE SANDMAN HEAVES THE WELL-AIMED GRENADE AT THE WATER TOWER ABOVE THE GROUP ON THE OPPOSITE ROOF!



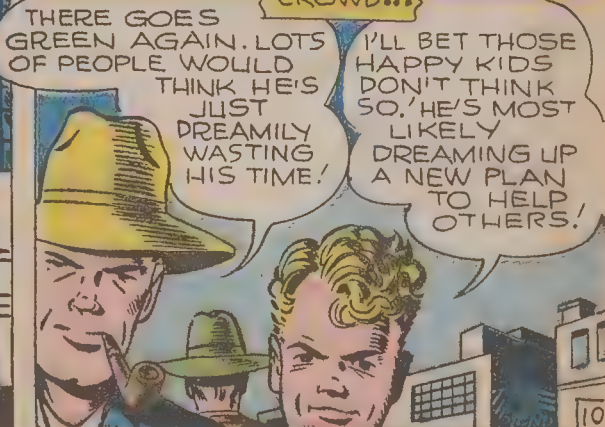
WITH THE CHEATING CONTRACTOR EXPOSED, AT LAST PETER GREEN'S DREAM COMES TRUE! A STURDILY CONSTRUCTED, NEW BUILDING ARISES...



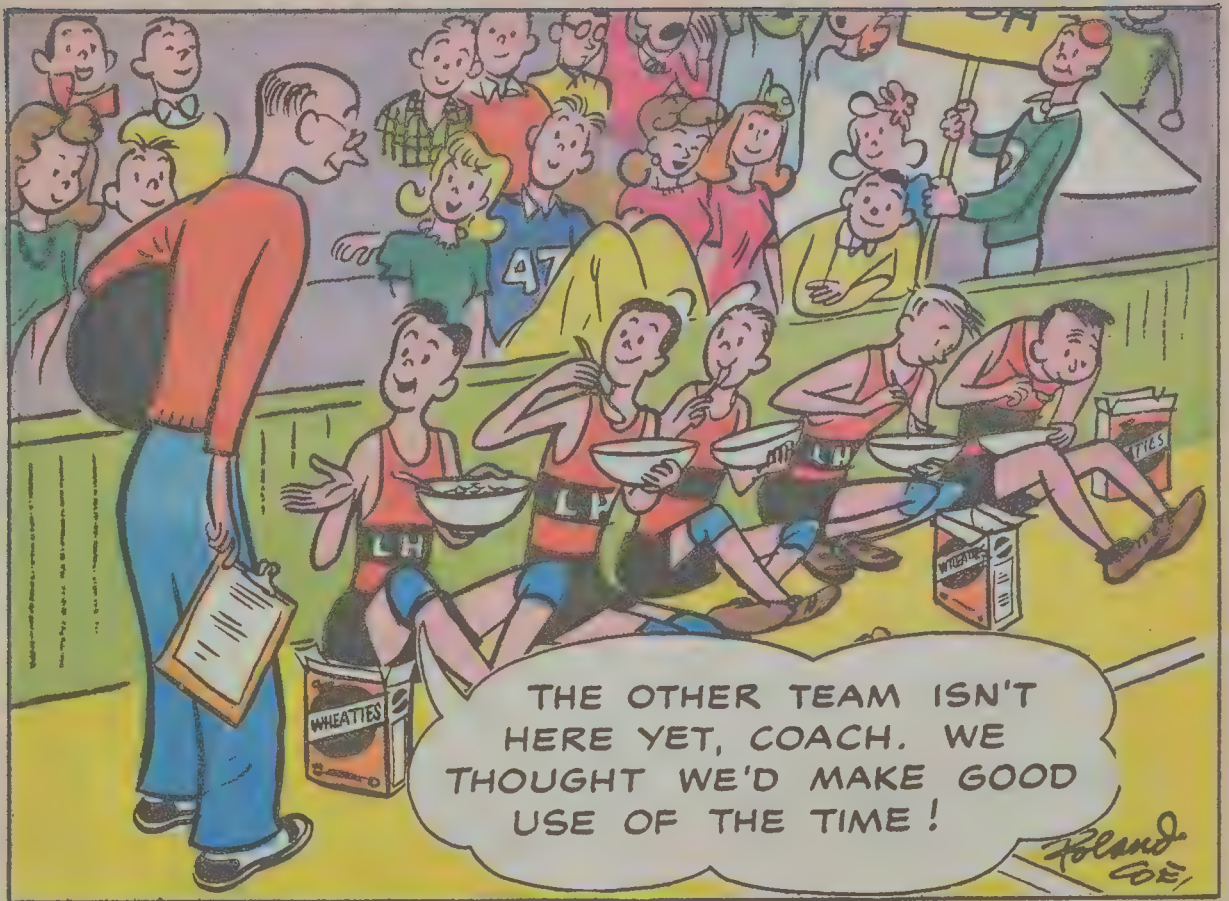
WHILE THE LITTLE MAN WHO HELPED MAKE IT POSSIBLE MODESTLY GOES HIS WAY...



ONLY TWO PAIR OF KNOWING EYES WATCH THIS REMARKABLE LITTLE CHARACTER AS HE STROLLS DREAMILY THROUGH THE CROWD...







**L**OTS OF GOOD TIME IN A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

THOSE **GOOD-FOR-YOU** WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SATISFYING NOURISHMENT. JAM-PACKED WITH DELICIOUSLY **GOOD EATING**. ONCE THAT MALT-RICH, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR 'CONNECTS WITH YOUR APPETITE, YOU'RE A CINCH FOR **DOUBLE-TIME** WITH THE WHEATIES.

AND HERE'S A TIP. WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," IS JUST AS SWELL-TASTING FOR LUNCH...OR SUPPER...OR SNACKS. YES, ANY TIME'S THE TIME FOR WHEATIES. SO **MAKE GOOD USE OF THAT CHAMPION CEREAL DISH.**





# STARMAN

THROUGH BILLIONS OF MILES OF MAJESTIC SKY, THE FRAGMENTS OF STONE OR STEEL THAT ARE TO BECOME SHOOTING STARS TRAVEL EARTHWARDS ... ONLY TO HAVE A SAD COMEDOWN BY ENDING UP AS AN ALIBI FOR CROOKS.' BUT ALIBIS DON'T STAND UP LONG BEFORE STARMAN, THAT STELLAR SCOURGE OF SCOUNDRELS. AND NEITHER SHOOTING STARS NOR SHOOTING CRIMINALS CAN TERRIFY HIM AS HE CLOSES IN ON...

**"The METEOR MOB!"**



TED KNIGHT, AMATEUR ASTRONOMER, WATCHES A FREE STELLAR SHOW WITH A FRIEND...

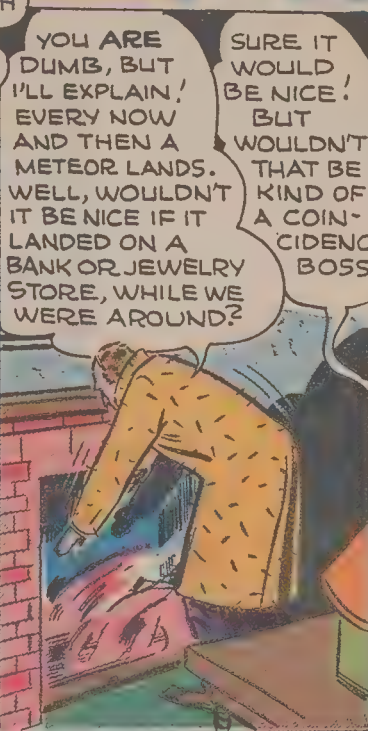
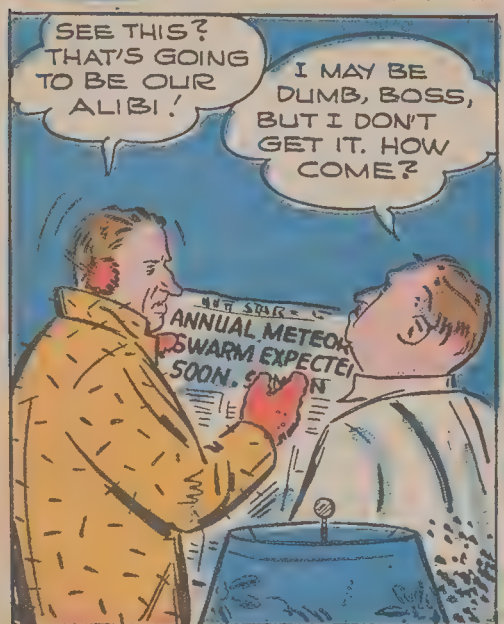
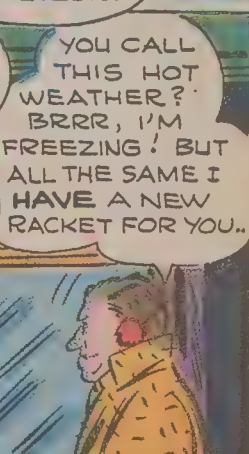
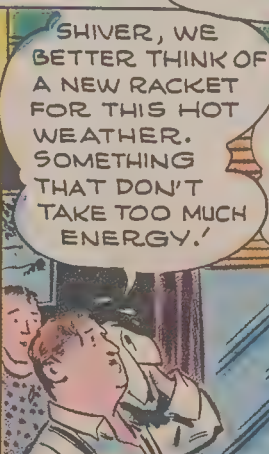
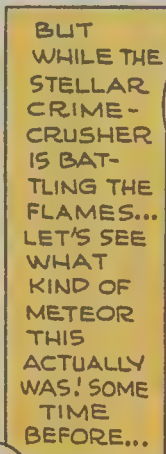
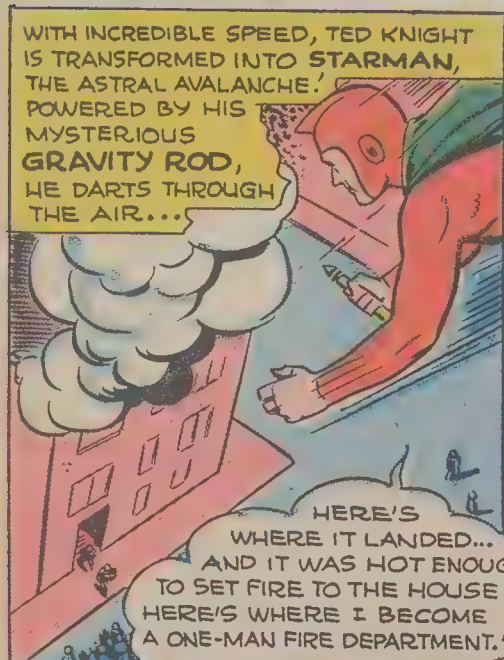
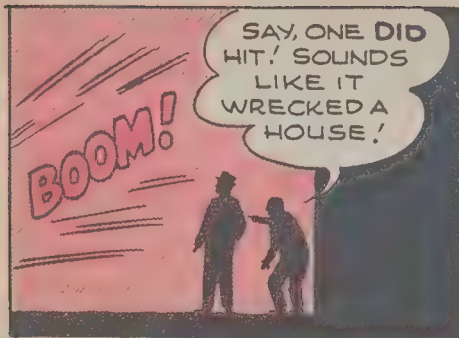
GOSH, I NEVER SAW SO MANY SHOOTING STARS...

WELL, THIS IS THE SEASON FOR THEM. BUT THOSE STREAKS OF LIGHT ARE NOT REALLY STARS...

THEY'RE PRODUCED BY METEORS PASSING THROUGH THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. MOST OF THEM BURN UP AND DISAPPEAR LONG BEFORE THEY REACH THE GROUND.

LUCKY FOR US! I'D HATE TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY HIT...







SOUNDS AMBITIOUS, DOESN'T IT? BUT SHORTLY...

HERE WE ARE, FROM REASONABLY CLOSE RANGE, WE CAN HIT ANY HOUSE WE AIM AT WITH THIS STONE SHELL. AND WHEN IT EXPLODES...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT A LOTTA STONE FRAGMENTS... AND EVERYBODY THINKS IT WAS A METEOR! BOSS, I BOW TO YOUR SUPERIOR GENIUS.

I'LL KEEP THE FLIGHT BUTTON ON STEADY... AND AT THE SAME TIME PUSH DOWN THE PRESSURE RAY BUTTON...

WHICH EXPLAINS WHY STARMAN NOW HAS SUCH A TERRIFIC JOB ON HIS HANDS! AS THE FLAMES SPREAD...

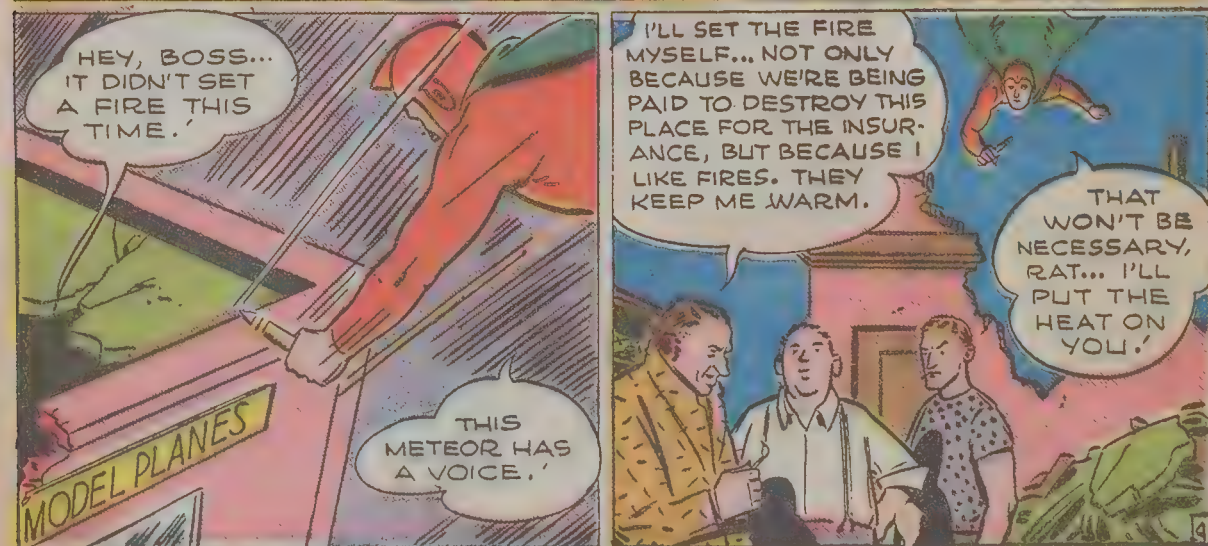
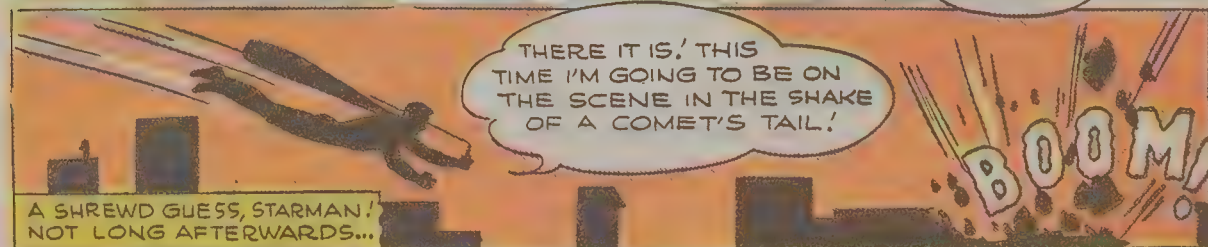
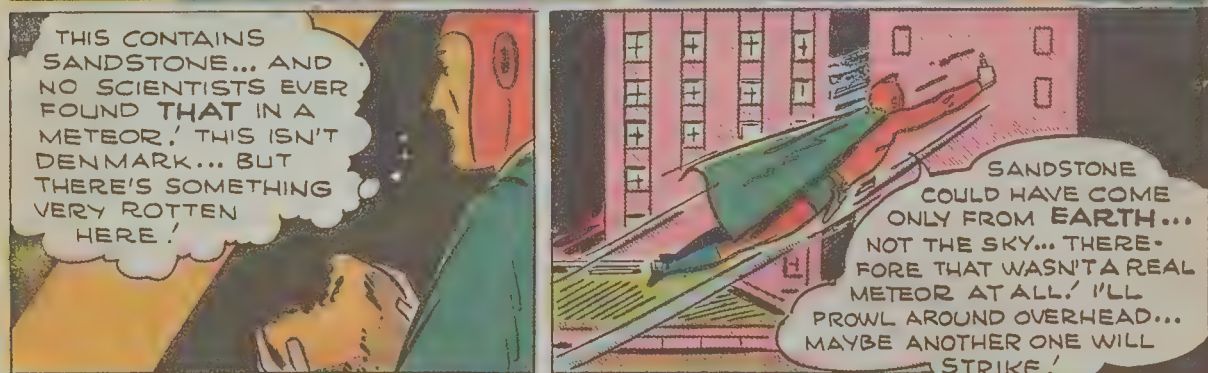
NO USE TRYING TO PUT THIS FIRE OUT THE USUAL WAY. I'LL HAVE TO USE MY GRAVITY ROD...

AH, AS I EXPECTED... IT'S LIFTING THE ENTIRE BURNING ROOF INTO THE AIR!

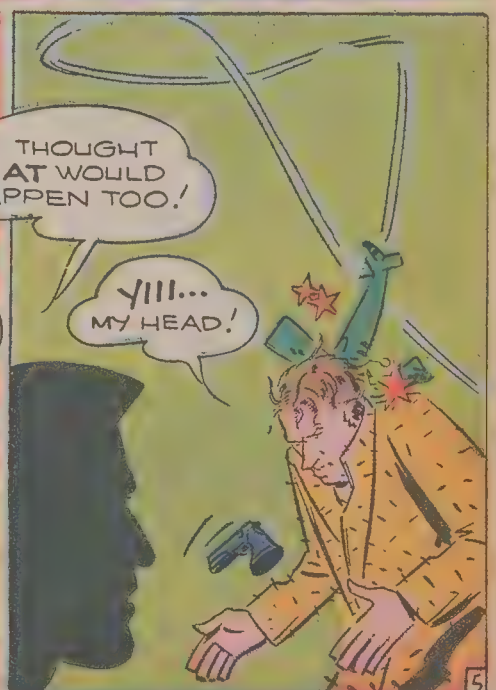
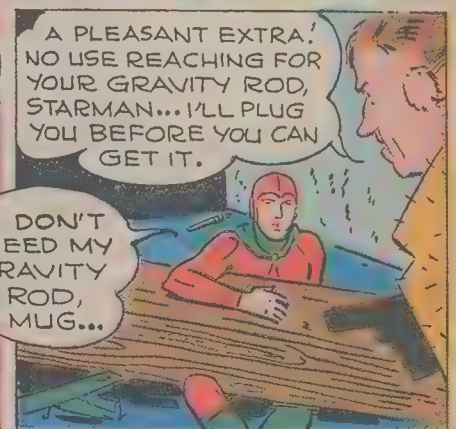
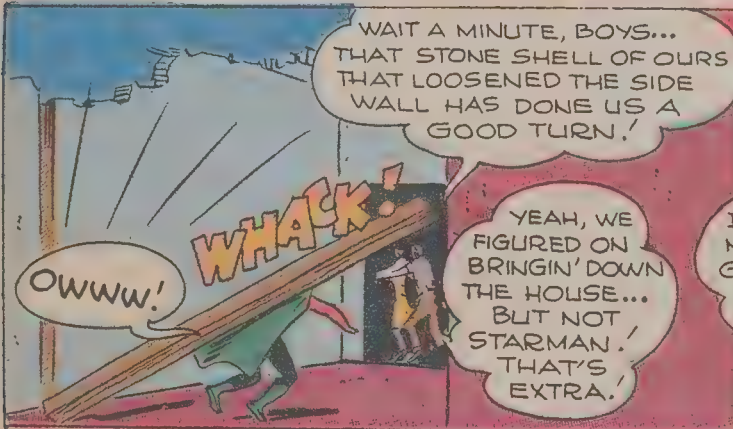
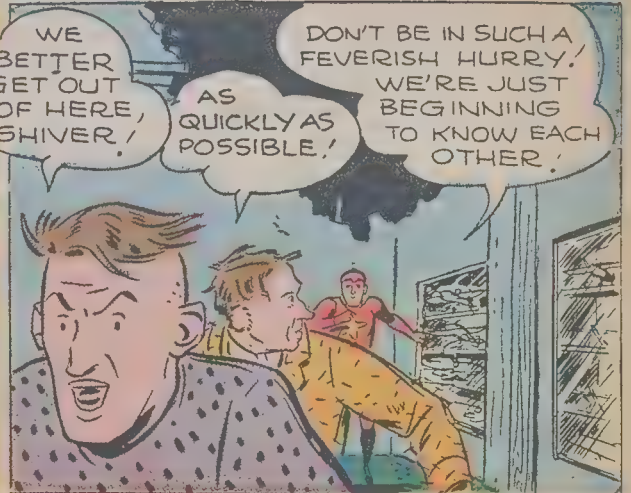
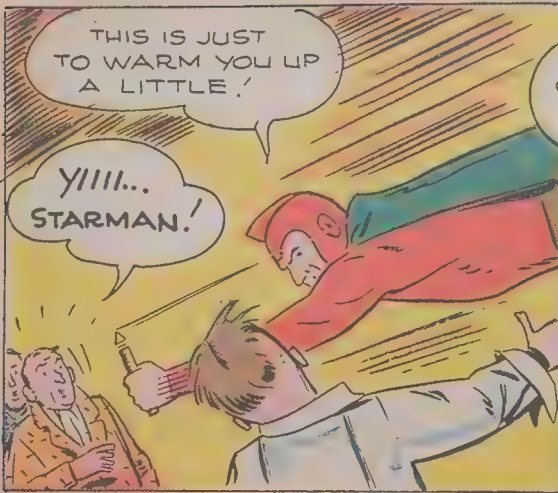
NOW TO GET THE FLAMES OUT OF HERE...

... AND DUNK THEM IN THIS LAKE, TO PREVENT THEM FROM DOING FURTHER HARM!











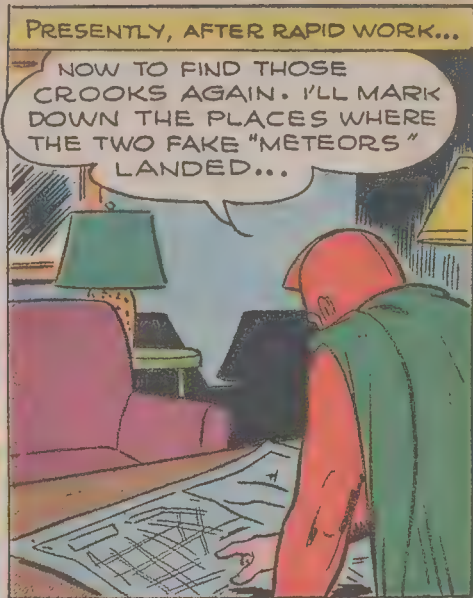


COME ON, BOSS, LET'S GET TO OUR CAR. WE CAN'T GET THE BETTER OF THAT GUY... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S FREE!

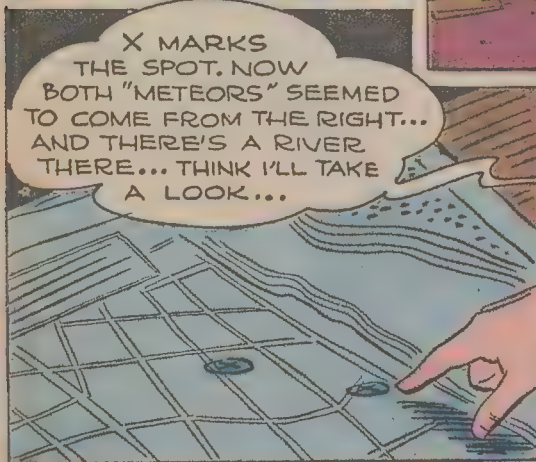
SUCH COMPLIMENTS! NO WONDER I LIKE TO STAY CLOSE TO YOU FELLOWS!



BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW NOW... MY GRAVITY ROD IS OUT OF ORDER FROM THAT FALL. I'LL HAVE TO FIX IT FIRST!



PRESENTLY, AFTER RAPID WORK... NOW TO FIND THOSE CROOKS AGAIN. I'LL MARK DOWN THE PLACES WHERE THE TWO FAKE "METEORS" LANDED...



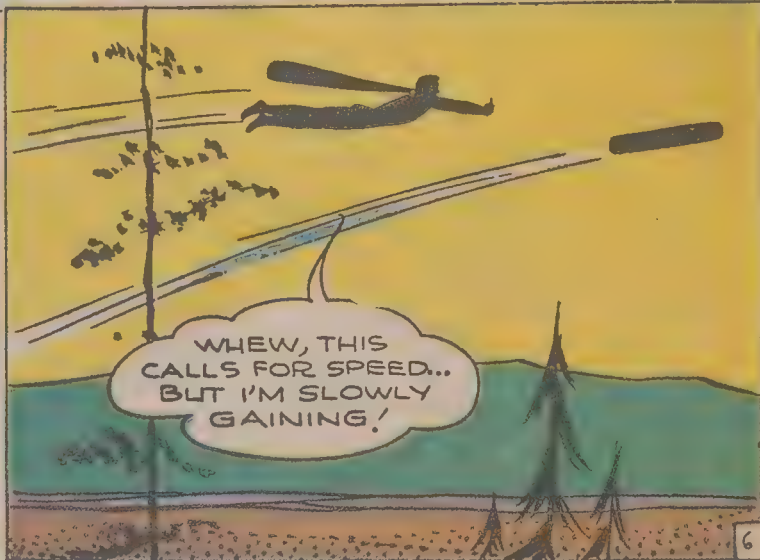
X MARKS THE SPOT. NOW BOTH "METEORS" SEEMED TO COME FROM THE RIGHT... AND THERE'S A RIVER THERE... THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK...



THAT BARGE! IF IT MOVED AROUND AFTER FIRING THOSE STONE SHELLS IT WOULD BE HARD TO SPOT EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE COMING FROM!



OH, OH... THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE! MAYBE I CAN STOP IT FROM DOING ANY DAMAGE.

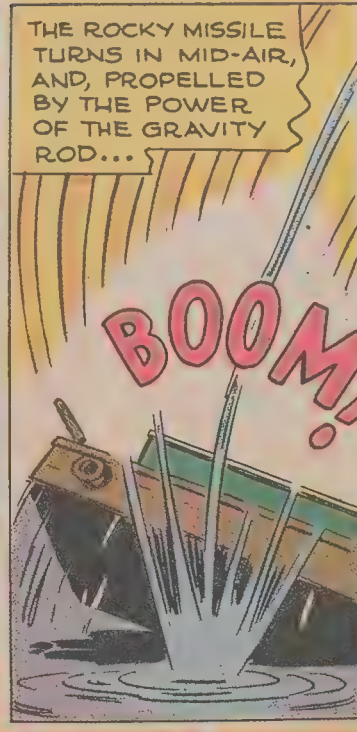


WHEW, THIS CALLS FOR SPEED... BUT I'M SLOWLY GAINING!





REVERSE,  
MY STONY  
FRIEND,  
REVERSE.



THE ROCKY MISSILE  
TURNS IN MID-AIR,  
AND, PROPELLED  
BY THE POWER  
OF THE GRAVITY  
ROD...

**BOOM!**

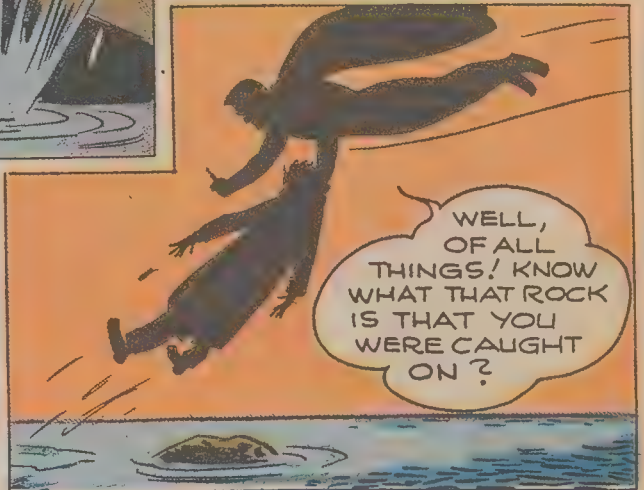


0000...  
SAVE US,  
STARMAN!

I'LL SAVE YOU,  
ALL RIGHT... FOR  
THE POLICE!  
BUT FIRST I'LL  
PICK UP YOUR  
COLD-HEARTED  
BOSS...



THIS IS EASY... HE'S  
CAUGHT BY HIS  
COAT ON THAT  
ROCK! OKAY, CHUM,  
YOUR WORRIES  
ABOUT BEING  
WARM ARE  
OVER... IT'S  
THE COOLER  
FOR YOU!

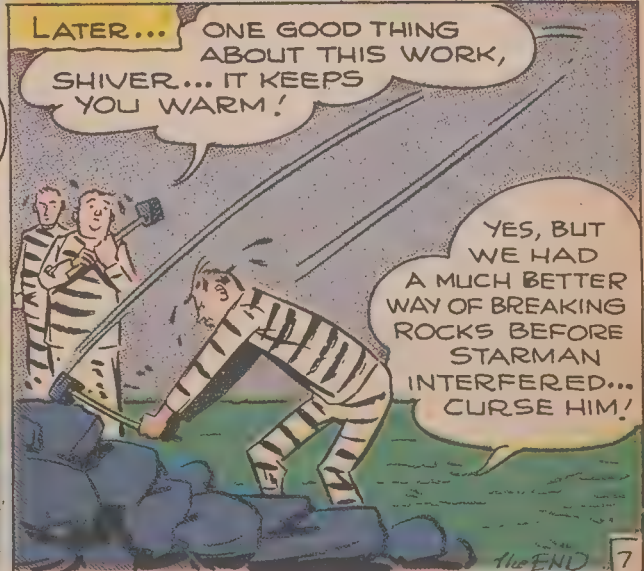


WELL,  
OF ALL  
THINGS! KNOW  
WHAT THAT ROCK  
IS THAT YOU  
WERE CAUGHT  
ON?



A METEOR! A  
GENUINE METEOR  
FROM THE SKY!  
WITHOUT THAT YOU  
MIGHT HAVE GOT  
AWAY ALONG THE  
SHORE!

YIII...  
I WAS  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSED!



LATER... ONE GOOD THING  
ABOUT THIS WORK,  
SHIVER... IT KEEPS  
YOU WARM!

YES, BUT  
WE HAD  
A MUCH BETTER  
WAY OF BREAKING  
ROCKS BEFORE  
STARMAN  
INTERFERED...  
CURSE HIM!



**COLORFUL!  
EXCITING!**

# METAL PIN-ON COMIC BUTTONS

**ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE  
OF KELLOGG'S PEP**

**Superman  
Uncle Walt**

**Skeezix**

**Herby**

**Harold Teen**

**Kayo**

**Lillums**

**Smitty**

**Sandy**

**Orphan Annie**

**Nina**

**Perry Winkle**

**Moon Mullins**

**Smilin' Jack**

**Smokey Stover**

**Winnie Winkle**

**Shadow**

**Dick Tracy**

**EACH IN FULL COLOR ON A SHINY, PIN-ON METAL BUTTON!**

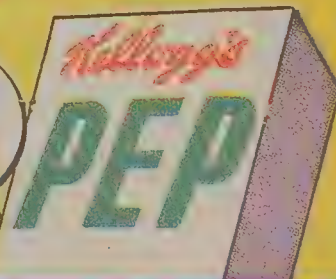
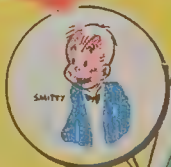
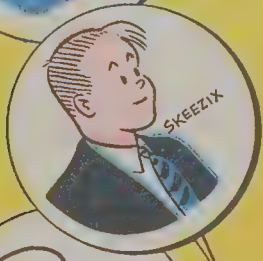
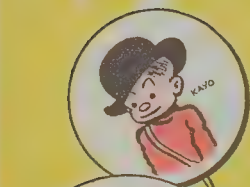
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EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE. HERE IS THE STORY OF ANOTHER KING ARTHUR—WHOSE ROUND TABLE WASN'T ON THE SQUARE. HE'S "KING ARTIE"—AN UNDERWORLD BARON WHO MIXES KNIGHTHOOD AND HOODS TO MAKE A PAYING PROPOSITION! YES, WHEN ARTIE COMBINES HIS NEW FOUND POSITION AS MOB MONARCH WITH SOME VERY OLD METHODS BORROWED FROM THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF, THE LOOT ROLLS IN!... UNTIL THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY GETS WIND OF THE AMAZING GOINGS-ON... AND RISKS HIS NECK TO MAKE AN UNWELCOME VISIT TO...

**KING "ARTIE'S",  
CRIME COURT!**

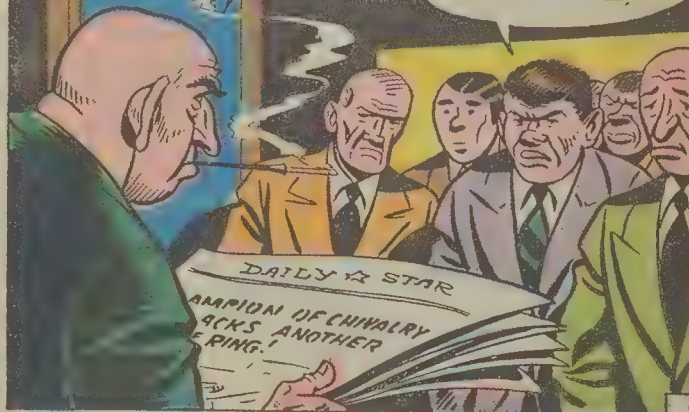
IN THE SWANK HIDEOUT OF A SUAVE SCOUNDREL, BIG ARTIE, THE SHINING KNIGHT FINDS AN UNEXPECTED ADMIRER...

BOYS, I DON'T LIKE THAT KNIGHT GUY, BUT YOU HAVE TO GIVE HIM CREDIT... HE'S GOT PLENTY ON THE BALL!



THAT'S THE THIRD GANG HE'S SMASHED IN A WEEK!

YEAH, BOSS, HE'S FILLED SO MANY CELLS DAT DERE'S A HOUSING SHORTAGE IN DA JAIL!





DON'T WORRY, GAS-PIPE... IT'LL NEVER AFFECT US.' THE KNIGHT'S AN OLD-TIMER WHO USES MODERN WAYS. WELL, WE'RE **MODERN**—SO WE'LL TAKE A TIP FROM HIM AND USE **OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS.**

HOW OLD-FASHIONED NO ONE SUSPECTS—NOT EVEN THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF, IN HIS IDENTITY AS JUSTIN, ASSISTANT AT THE MUSEUM...

A STRANGE AD—PUT IN BY A COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES, NO DOUBT.

NO, JUSTIN, IT WAS PUT IN BY A COLLECTOR OF LOOT.' SOME TIME LATER...

GEE, BOSS, DESE SURE ARE SNAPPY OUTFITS

THEY FIT THE FORM— AND CONCEAL THE FACE! AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE BULLET-PROOF! NOT BAD, EH, BOYS?

NOW WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AROUND **OUR** ROUND TABLE, AND PLAN A FEW ADVENTURES ... OR MAYHAP, SHOULD I SAY, JOBS?

MAYHAP, BOSS, I MEAN, KING ARTIE.' HA, HA!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS, I TROW I WAS FORGETTING SOMETHING... THERE'S A CEREMONY I'VE GOT TO PERFORM FIRST!

AND SO, WITH POMP AND DIGNITY, THE NEWLY CROWNED KING ARTIE ELEVATES HIS MEN IN RANK.

WITH THIS TOMMY-GUN, I DUB THEE KNIGHT! ARISE, SIR GASPIPE GROGAN!

T'ANKS, ME, LIEGE LORD!

PRESENTLY...

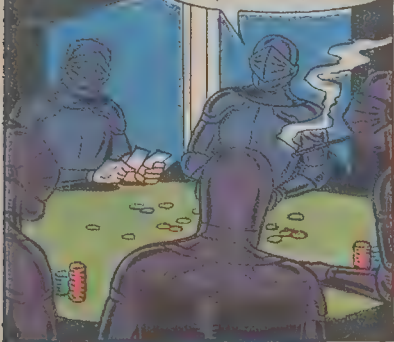
NOW BE WE ALL KNIGHTS!

VERILY! SO WHAT JOB ARE WE GONNA PULL FOIST?



METHINKS A JEWELRY STORE WOULD BE A GOOD BET!

PER-ADVENTURE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO START OFF WID A BANK!



BY MY HALIDOME, THESE BE BOTH GOOD IDEAS! TO THEE, SIR GASPIPE I GRANT THE ADVENTURE OF THE BANK, AND TO THEE, SIR LOPEAR, THAT OF THE JEWELRY STORE!



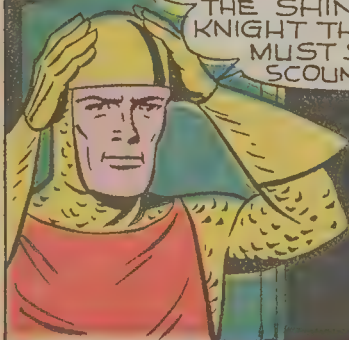
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SUCCESSFUL CRIME FOLLOWS CRIME ...

FORSOOTH, DESE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF ME ARMOR LIKE I WAS **SUPERMAN!** DIS IS A PLEASURE!

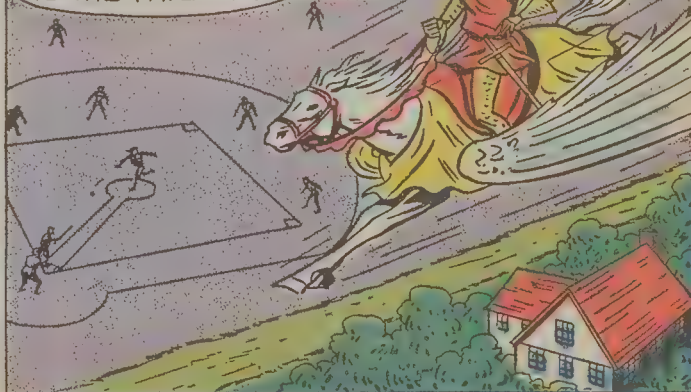


AND JUSTIN HAS OCCASION TO CHANGE HIS MIND... AND HIS COSTUME!

IT WAS NO COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES, BUT THIEVING ROGUES WHO WANTED THE ARMOR! AND 'TIS AS THE SHINING KNIGHT THAT I MUST SEEK THE SCOUNDRELS.



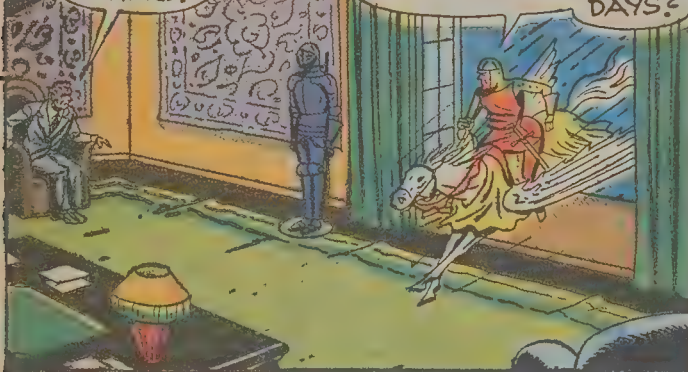
THERE ARE BUT FEW MEN IN THE CITY WHO HAVE ARMOR TO SELL ... 'T'WILL BE EASY TO FIND THE ONE WHO SOLD IT TO THE THIEVES!



SOON, AT A ONCE WEALTHY MANSION ...

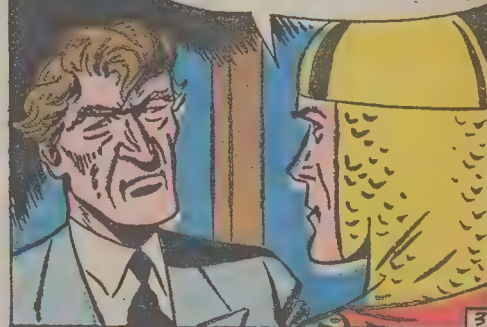
MY LAST SUIT OF ARMOR! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HARD UP I'D HAVE TO SELL THE OTHERS!

HOLA, FRIEND, I SEEK THY AID! DOST RECALL WHO HAS BOUGHT THY ARMOR THESE PAST DAYS?

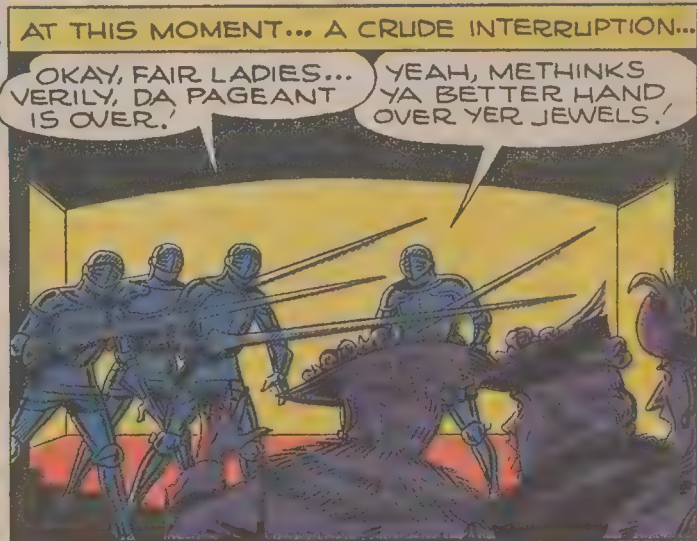
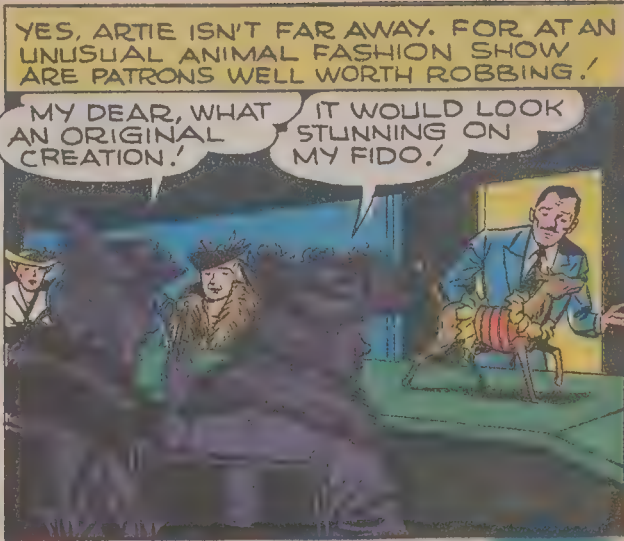
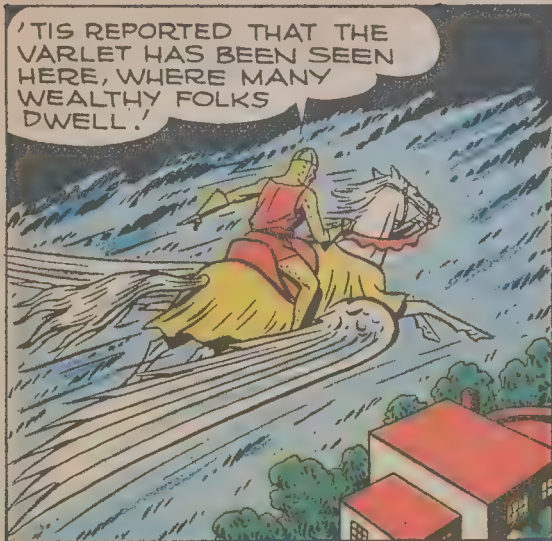


I DON'T KNOW THE FELLOW'S NAME, BUT HE WAS TALL AND WELL-DRESSED AND SMOKED A CIGARETTE IN A HOLDER!

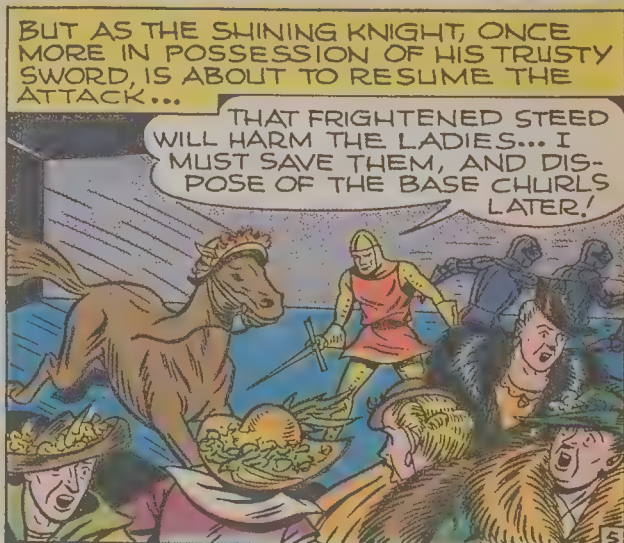
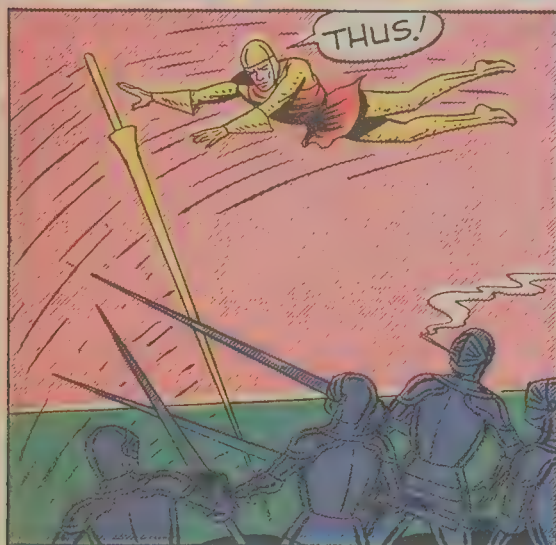
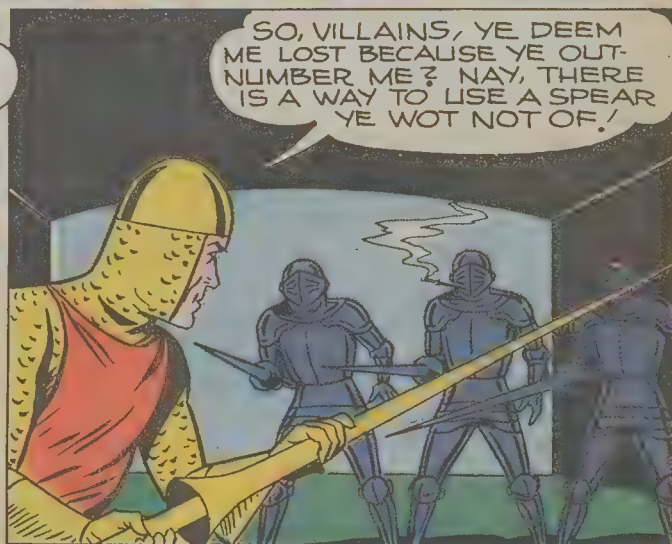
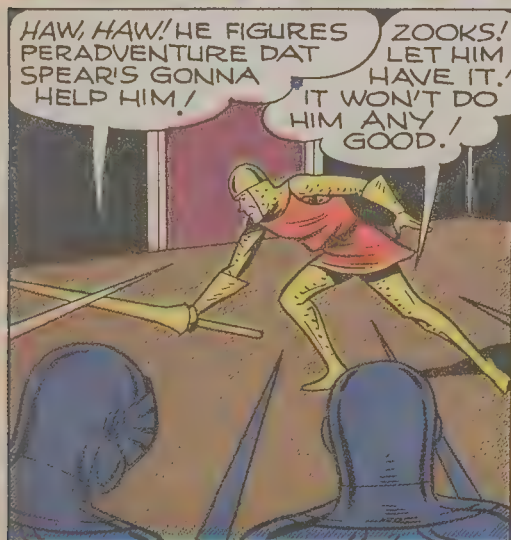
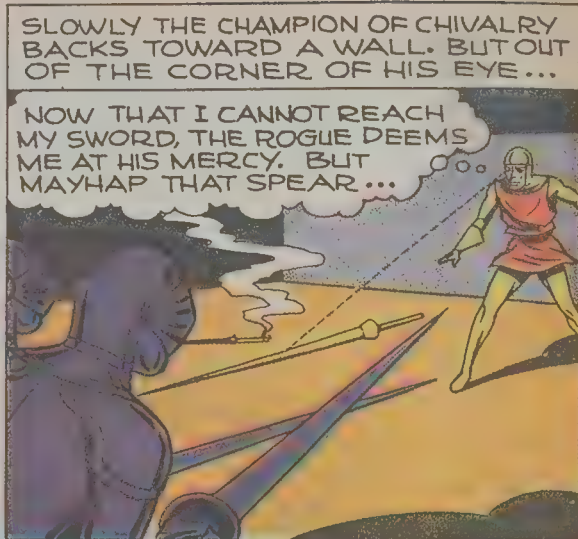
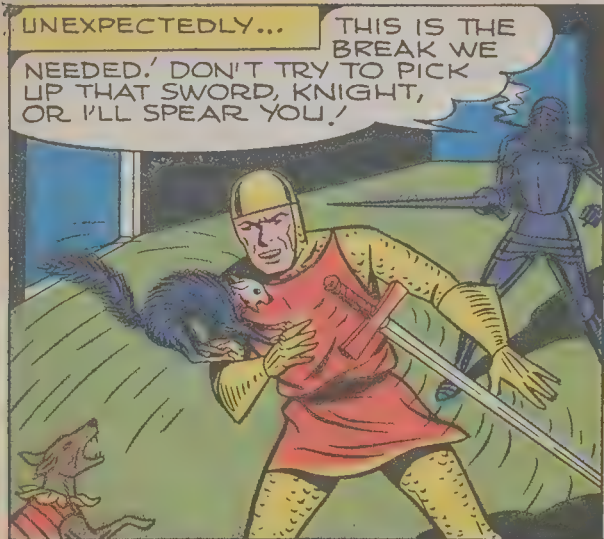
HM! IT MIGHT BE THE ROGUE KNOWN AS BIG ARTIE! I SHALL SEEK HIM AT ONCE!













THE CRIMINALS TAKE QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THEIR LUCK...

WE BETTER MOVE FAST, BOSS... 'TIS A SAFE BET DA COPPERS HAVE HOID DA NOISE AND ARE GONNA BE HERE SOON. LET THEM COME, SIR GASPIPE... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

SHORTLY, AS THE POLICE PURSUE...

THIS OLD-FASHIONED CATAPULT SURE WAS A GOOD IDEA! THOSE COPPERS WILL KEEP THEIR DISTANCE NOW.

YIII...

BUT PRESENTLY... THE THIEVES ARE CAUGHT WITH THEIR BRIDGES UP!

WHAT DO WE NOW, BOSS? WE CAN'T HOLD OFF THOSE COPS FOREVER, I FEAR ME.

WORRY NOT, SIR LOPEARS... I'M PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES!

SECONDS LATER...

SAY, THIS CATAPULT IDEA IS REALLY SOMETHING!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, CLANCY? AND I THOUGHT WE HAD THE RATS THIS TIME!

MEANWHILE, SIR JUSTIN HAS BROUGHT THE RAMPAGING RUNAWAY UNDER CONTROL...

HE IS CALM NOW, FAIR LADIES! YE NEED FEAR HIM NO LONGER!

OH, THANK YOU, KNIGHT! YOU'RE SO GALLANT!

NOW FOR THE WRETCHES WHO ESCAPED ME... HA, WHAT IS THAT?



A TICKET TO TODAY'S HORSE-RACES! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM THE POCKET OF THE ROGUE I STRUCK! THEN I WILL FIND THEM AT THE RACETRACK!



RIGHT, KNIGHT! SOON, IN A SUPPOSEDLY DESERTED OFFICE...

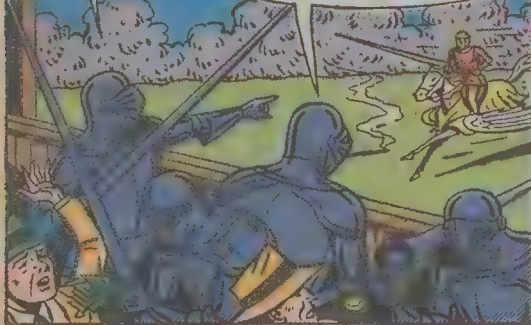
BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS FAST! AFTER WE GET IN THE TRACK, WE'LL JUST ROB THOSE PEOPLE IN THE BOXES, AND RUN!

OKAY WITH ME, KING ARTIE! THAT LAST ESCAPE WE HAD WAS TOO NARROW!



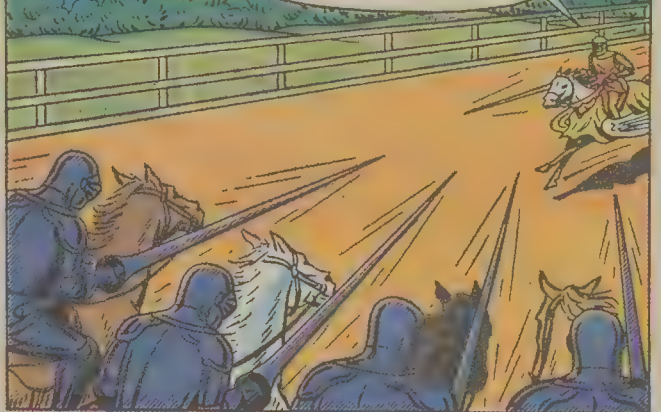
BUT THE RATS' PLANS GO WRONG AGAIN! NO SOONER HAVE THEY BEGUN TO ACT THAN...

LOOK! HIM AGAIN! AND ZOUNDS! WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! LET'S GRAB SOME HORSES FROM THE STABLES.



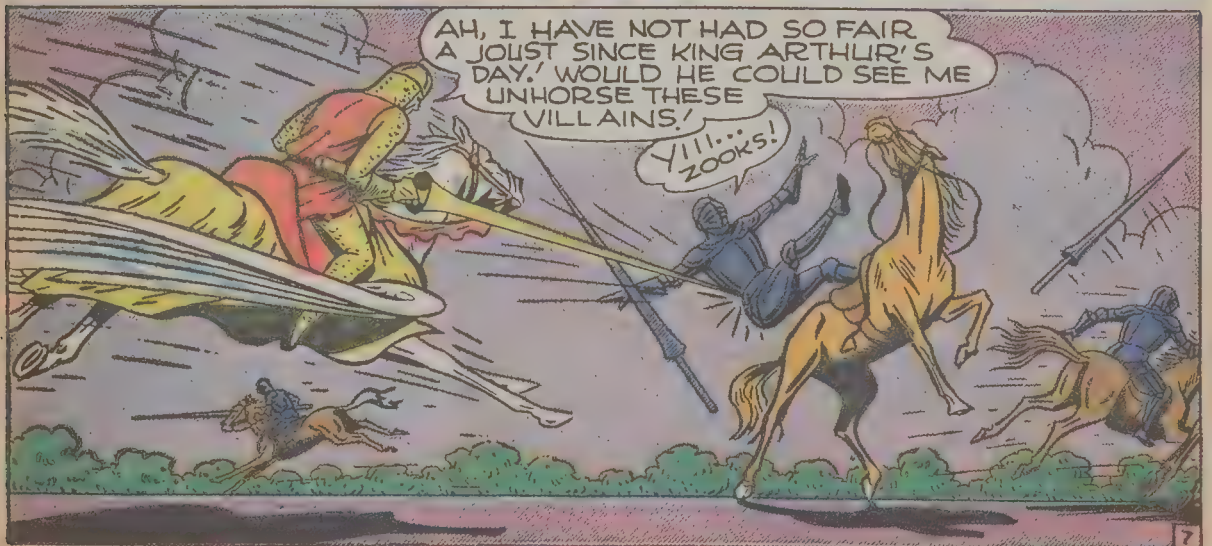
AND SO, AS THE SHINING KNIGHT DRAWS NEAR...

HOLA, ROGUES... A FOOT OR ON HORSE, YOU WILL STILL BE OVERTHROWN!

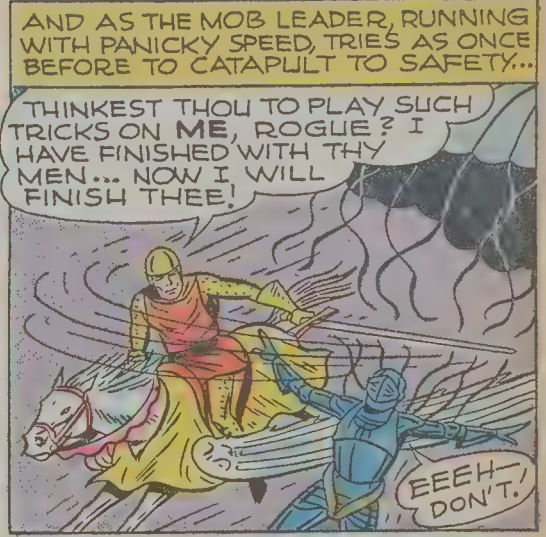


AH, I HAVE NOT HAD SO FAIR A JOUST SINCE KING ARTHUR'S DAY! WOULD HE COULD SEE ME UNHORSE THESE VILLAINS!

YII... ZOOKS!







## Thrilling!

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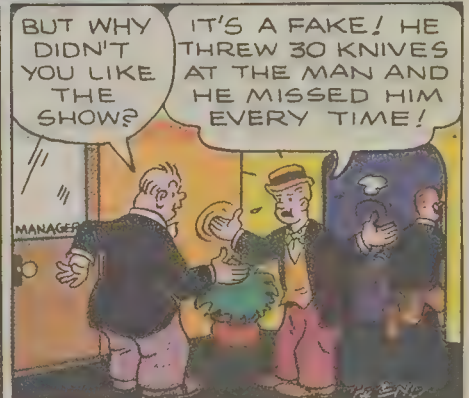
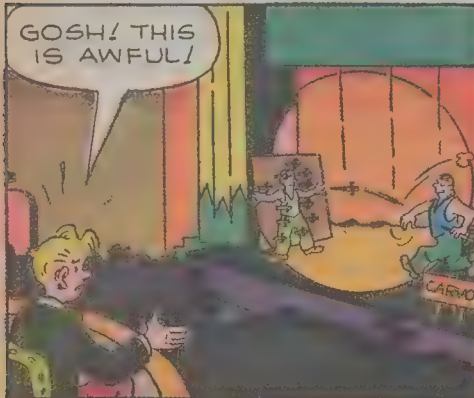
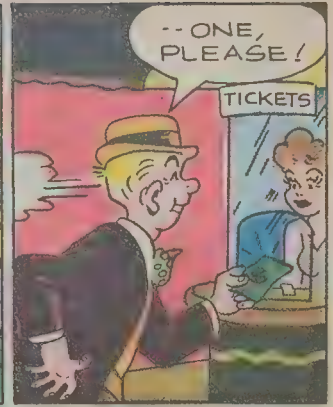
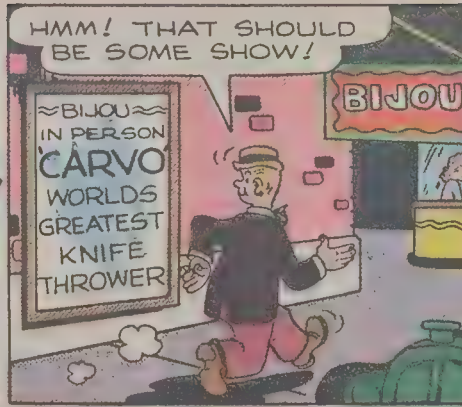
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# THE INVISIBLE ALIBI

by V. V. Dredaine

STEVE CRANE sat rigid in his chair, waiting to go on trial for his life. He gripped the arm-rests as his lawyer leaned over to say something, and he nodded without having heard a word. A single thought burned in Steve Crane's mind, desperate, maddening: he was on trial for a murder he had not committed and he had no way to prove his innocence.

There was no defense and he knew it. He had known it from the start and he had long since stopped listening. There was no room in his tortured mind for any voice but an inner one that silently, ceaselessly screamed he was going to die. . . .

Then the judge came in and the prosecution outlined its case. It was a simple case and the District Attorney knew how to present its deadly facts.

A few minutes before midnight, on the night of July 26th, Steve Crane left the home of a friend he had visited. He walked down Maple Street to South Main and along South Main to Hollis Drive. There he ran into Judd Bailey. Crane and Bailey both worked for the Midville Bank, Bailey as a guard and Crane as a teller. Some weeks before there had been a better job open at the bank. Bailey had been eligible for it but Crane had blocked the promotion. The two men had quarreled, it would be proved, at least twice after that.

They had met in a sparsely settled section of town, and evidently they had quarreled again. From quarreling they went to fighting. The State conceded that Bailey, the bigger of the two, might have started the quarrel and the fight. During the fight he had either been knocked down or had tripped. At any rate he had fallen, and in falling he dropped the revolver he carried on his person in an open under-arm holster. Crane had seized the revolver and fired two shots into Bailey's chest. No one heard the shots, but mo-

ments later a chance police prowler, proceeding along South Main, had found Crane bending over Bailey's lifeless body.

The revolver was lying a few feet from the body. Crane had already wiped away all traces of fingerprints, and in a few moments he would have vanished from the scene of the crime, leaving no clues.

It was a simple case.

Against it, the defense had little to offer. Crane's lawyer, a stout, sad-faced, quiet-spoken man, told an old story. Steve Crane, he said, had found Bailey a few seconds before the police car appeared. He had not seen nor quarreled nor fought with Bailey that night, nor touched the gun. It was true he had blocked Bailey's promotion, but that was because Crane knew Bailey had friends with police records. He could have had Bailey fired, but had been satisfied to keep him from a more responsible position in the bank. The defense wondered if one of Bailey's criminal acquaintances had shot him, but it had no doubts of Crane's complete innocence.

In addition, Crane's lawyer pointed out that the quarrel and fight were theories, not facts. And as far as facts went, he objected to the prosecution's vagueness in fixing the exact time of the murder, which he considered of prime importance, and which he promised to go into at some length.

The State brought up its witnesses. It proved earlier quarrels and bad feelings between the two men. It proved Crane's late visit to his friend on the night of the murder, sketched his route home. It offered the testimony of the policemen who had found Crane beside the body.

Crane's lawyer cross-questioned only two of the State's witnesses. The first was Alex Morrow, the friend Crane had visited the night of the murder. He asked him: "Mr. Morrow, do you re-

member what time it was when Mr. Crane left you that night?"

"Yes, I do. It was five minutes before midnight."

"Are you positive of the time?"

"I am."

"What makes you sure you remember, Mr. Morrow?"

"I remember because Steve complained I'd kept him so long he had missed the last Main Street bus and would have to walk home. The last bus passes Maple at a quarter to twelve, and I looked at my watch and saw it was already ten minutes past that time."

The other witness Crane's lawyer examined was one of the two policemen who had found Crane beside the body. He asked him only one question: "What time was it when you found Mr. Crane near the corner of Hollis and South Main?"

"It was twenty-six minutes past twelve."

"Thank you," said Crane's lawyer, and he said nothing else until the last of the State's witnesses had been heard and it was time for the defense to bring up witnesses in its own behalf. Then he rose and announced that he had but a single witness to produce. He gave the name to the court clerk.

The clerk called out: "Mr. Malcolm Frey."

Malcolm Frey got up slowly from his seat near the aisle in the second row. He was a tall, white-haired man with a composed face and eyes that seemed to be staring into nothingness, like Crane's. He made his way to the aisle and Crane's lawyer met him at the little door that led into the inner compound and escorted him to the witness' chair. He sat there quietly, his hands clasped, answering the formal questions that identified him and told where he lived and what his business was. To the last question he replied, with a gentle smile, that he had



retired from business some years ago.

Then Crane's lawyer said, "Mr. Frey, will you tell the jury in your own words where you were on the night of July 26th at midnight, and what you were doing and what you heard?"

Frey nodded and said quietly, "I'll be glad to, sir. July 26th was a Thursday. I remember it because my daughter, Joyce, works late every Thursday night. She is the cashier for the *M* and *W* Restaurant at Tremont Square, and they stay open until midnight, Thursdays. I always come to take her home those nights, and that night I was waiting for her at the southeast corner of the square, across the street from the restaurant. At seven minutes past twelve I heard two shots fired from the direction of Hollis Drive."

"You're sure of the time, Mr. Frey?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you," said Crane's lawyer. He turned to the jury and addressed them. "Mr. Morrow lives on Maple Street, four blocks from South Main. From Maple to Hollis Drive, where the body was found, the distance is twelve long blocks. Mr. Frey heard the two shots fired from Tremont Square, two blocks east of Hollis, at 12:07. Mr. Crane left Mr. Morrow at 11:55. That means that if Mr. Crane fired those shots, he covered those sixteen avenue blocks to Hollis in less than twelve minutes—a feat impossible even for a professional runner—to say nothing of the added time that would be needed to account for a developing quarrel and a fight. Obviously, Mr. Crane couldn't have fired those shots. The police found him at Hollis Drive at 12:26, which is a thoroughly reasonable time for him to have reached there. On the basis of Mr. Frey's testimony, you must acquit Mr. Crane."

It was minutes before the courtroom could be quieted sufficiently for the trial to continue. Crane's lawyer signified that he was through with the witness and the District Attorney rose for cross-examination. His face was flushed

and his eyes narrowed. He stood close to Frey and asked, "You said you heard two shots, Mr. Frey? How do you know they weren't exhaust explosions from a car?"

Frey smiled faintly. "I'm rather an expert on sounds, sir," he said. "I could never mistake any other sound for a gun shot."

The District Attorney stepped in very close to Frey and held a hand up before him. "Indeed?" he asked sarcastically, and he began to wave his hand back and forth directly in front of Frey's face. "And are you an expert at guessing time too?"

"No, sir. I know or I don't. I don't swear to guesses."

Suddenly the District Attorney snapped: "What am I doing with my hand, Mr. Frey?"

"You're probably waving it in front of my eyes," Frey said in low tones. "Now that's a guess, because I'm totally blind."

A vast murmur swept the courtroom and the District Attorney shouted over the noise. "Mr. Frey, you're totally blind and yet you feel qualified to testify about the exact time you heard those shots?"

The judge kept rapping for order as Frey answered, "Yes, sir. You see, there's a clock tower in Tremont Square, if you remember, and the clock had struck twelve just seven minutes before."

"Seven?" the District Attorney demanded. "How do you know it wasn't eight—or nine—or nineteen? What makes you such an expert on the exact passage of time? How can you swear—"

"I told you, sir," said Frey, interrupting softly. "I was an expert on sounds." A hush fell over the courtroom as he went on. "I was on the southeast corner of the square, as I said. There is a traffic light on that corner. Just as the clock finished striking twelve, the last Main Street bus stopped on that corner. I didn't hear any passengers get on or off, so I knew it had stopped for a red light. The red lights stay on for a minute, and the green stay on for two minutes, for Main Street traffic. I heard the lights

click and the bus started off again. I counted the clicks that night as I always do, because it generally takes my daughter ten minutes to leave the place after it closes at midnight, and counting makes the time pass more quickly for me. The light had been red and it had clicked five times, so. I knew it was just about seven past midnight. Of course, I might have been wrong by as much as a half minute on that first red light, but that would be all. I heard those shots and never thought about them until the other day when my daughter read me the story of this trial that was coming. I tried to get in to see you, and when I was sent away, I went to Mr. Crane's lawyer and told him. . . ."

The District Attorney stood speechless and the silence remained unbroken as Malcolm Frey paused, then nodded and smiled with friendly understanding.

"I know how strange all this must seem to you, sir," he said in his quiet way. "Take that clock in the rear of the courtroom, for instance. The minute hand doesn't revolve smoothly—it jumps to its new position every three minutes. If one knows that, and is used to listening to sounds, even loud noises don't interfere. Now, eight jumps ago I heard the man next to me say that it was one o'clock and he was hungry, so I don't have to be able to see that clock to tell you that it is now twenty-one minutes past—"

As he spoke, with every eye in the courtroom fixed on the large clock in the rear, the minute hand jumped. In the stillness they could hear the tiny clicking sound the hand made as it snapped into place.

"I beg your pardon," said Frey. "It just jumped again, so the time is now twenty-four minutes past one. Am I correct, sir?"

The District Attorney stared at the clock in bewilderment. The hands stood precisely at 1:24.

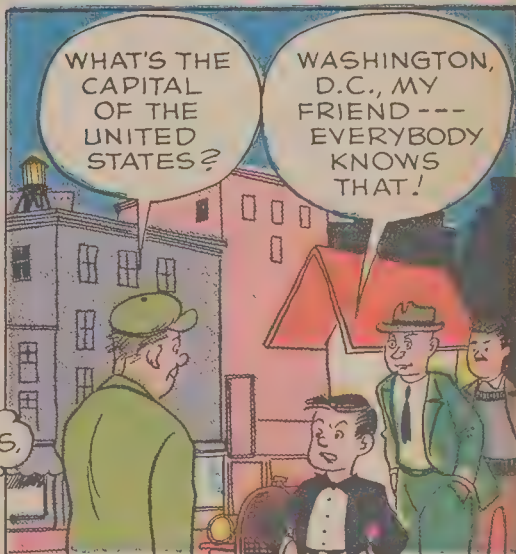
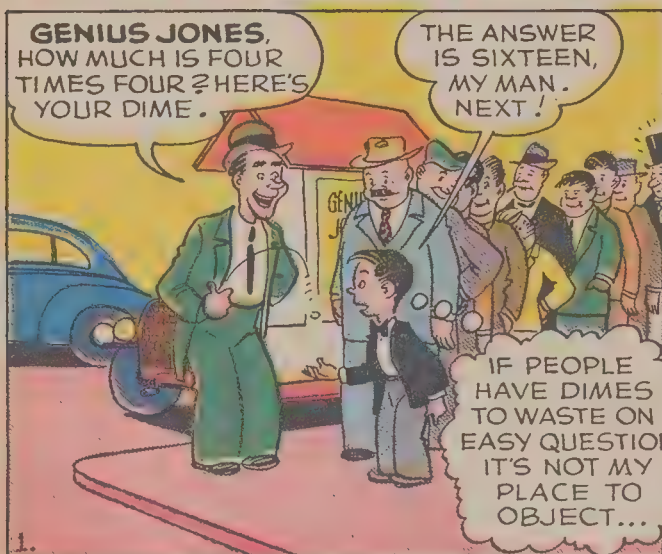
"Yes," he whispered. "Yes, Mr. Frey."

The minute hand on the courtroom clock jumped five more times before the jury returned and Steve Crane was free again.

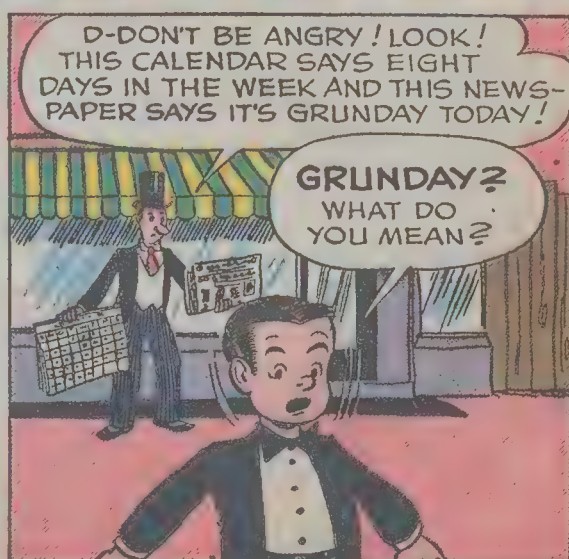
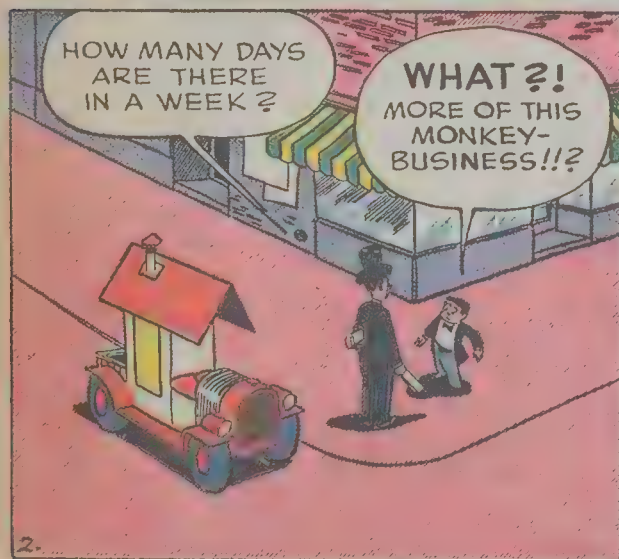
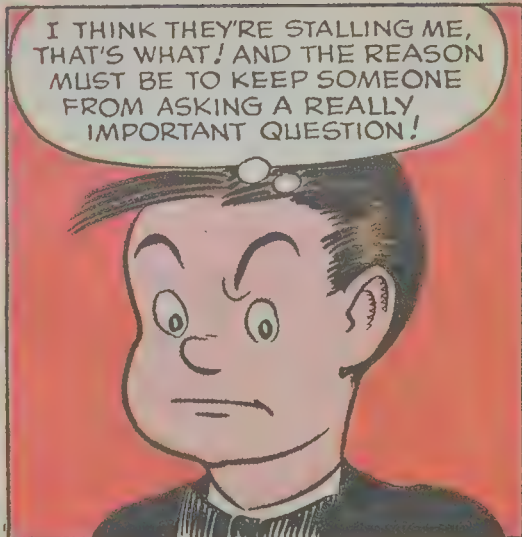
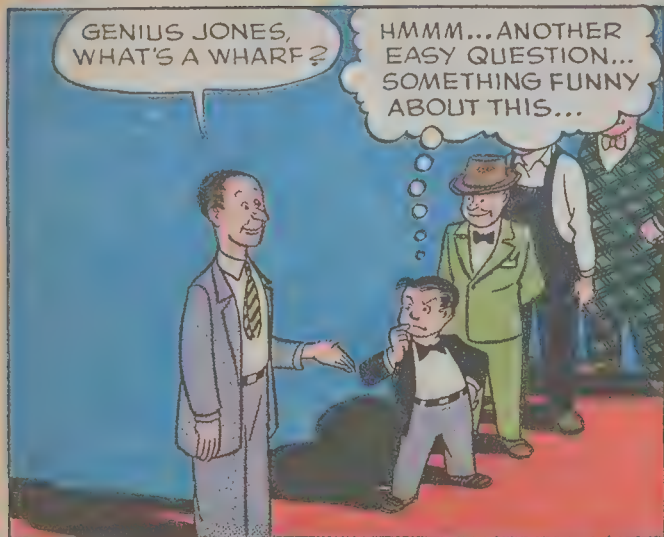


# GENIUS JONES

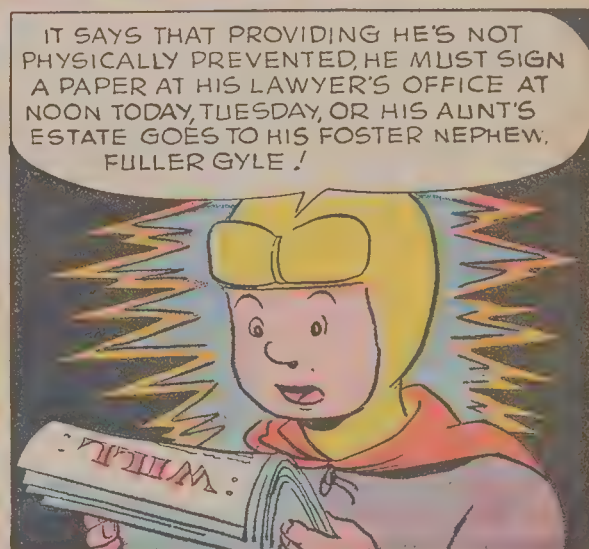
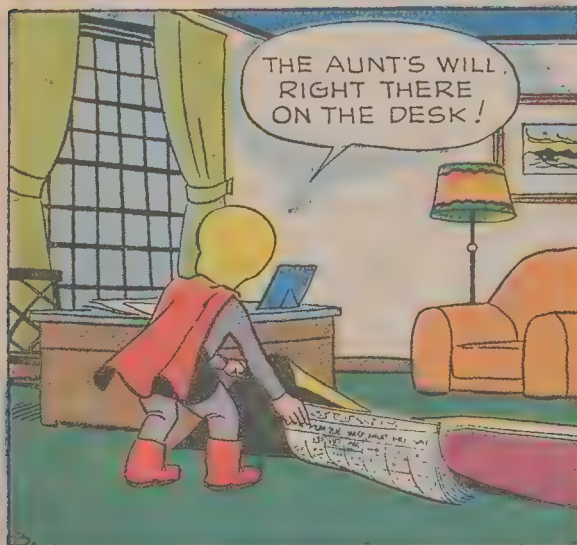
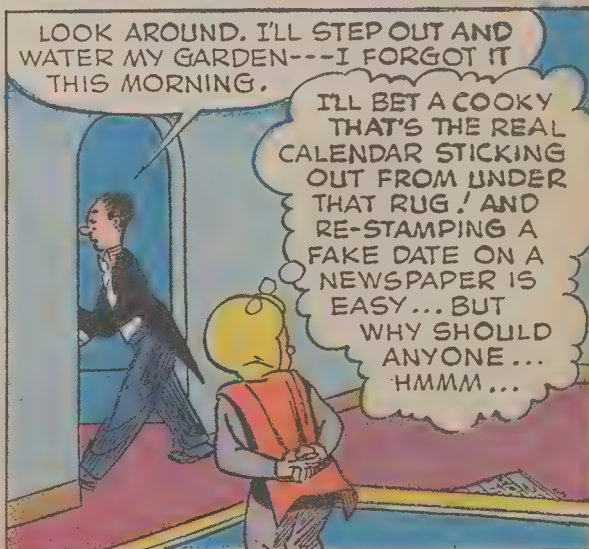
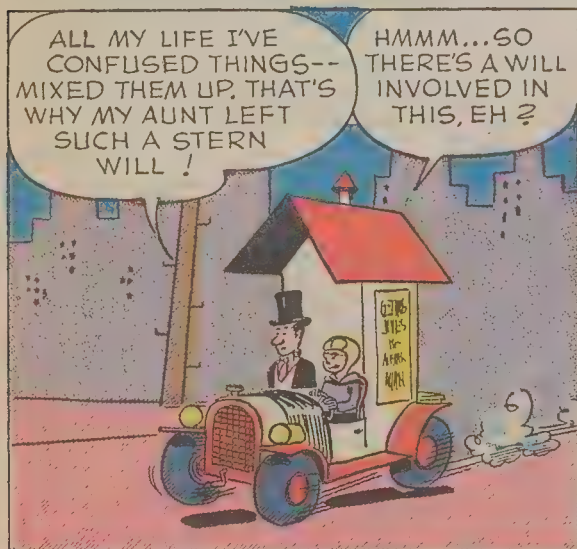
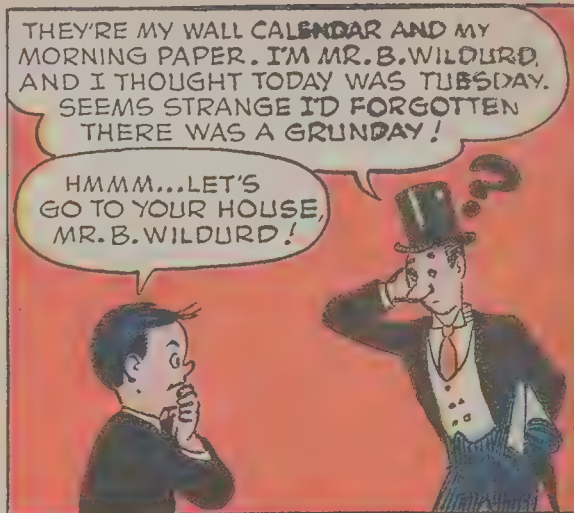
"ASK ME SOMETHING EASY" ISN'T THE MOTTO OF GENIUS JONES! HE LIKES QUESTIONS THAT EXERCISE HIS BRAIN—SUCH AS WHATEVER BECAME OF...  
**THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK!**



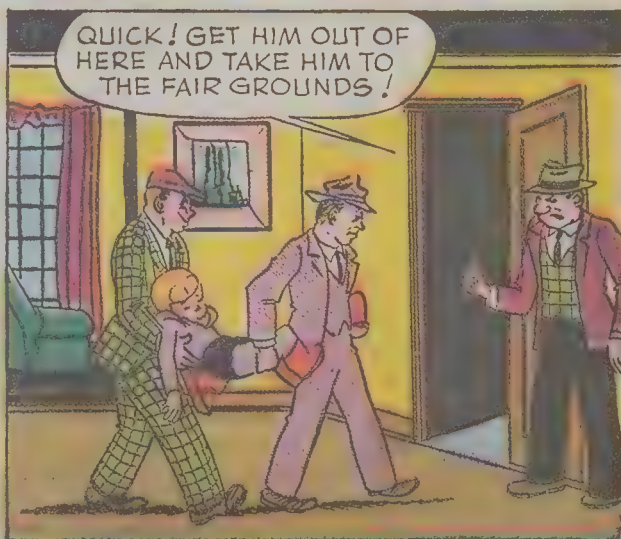
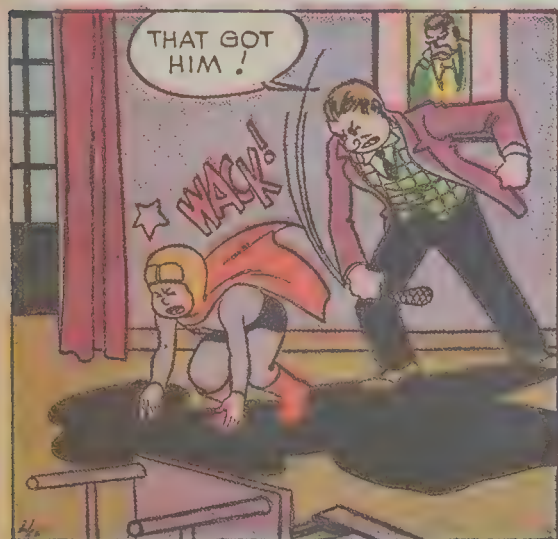
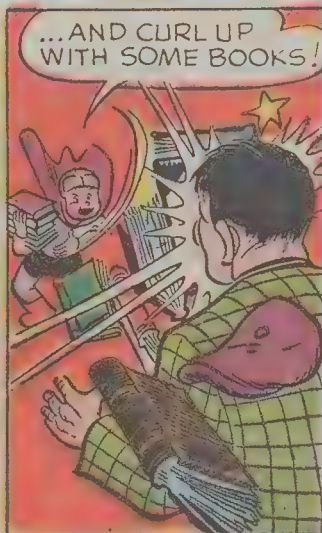
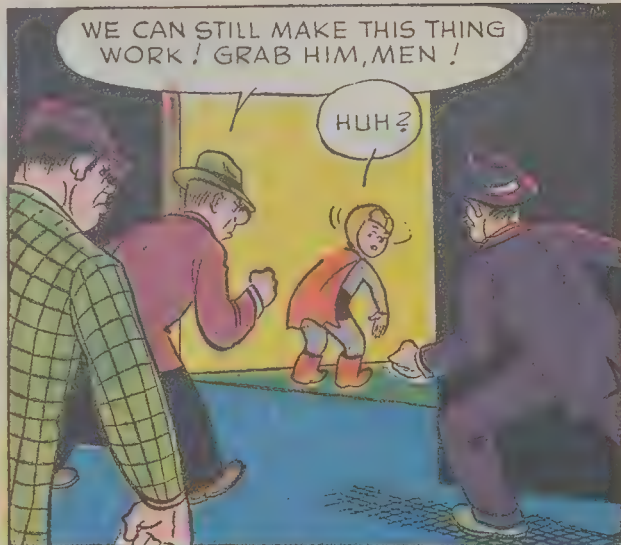
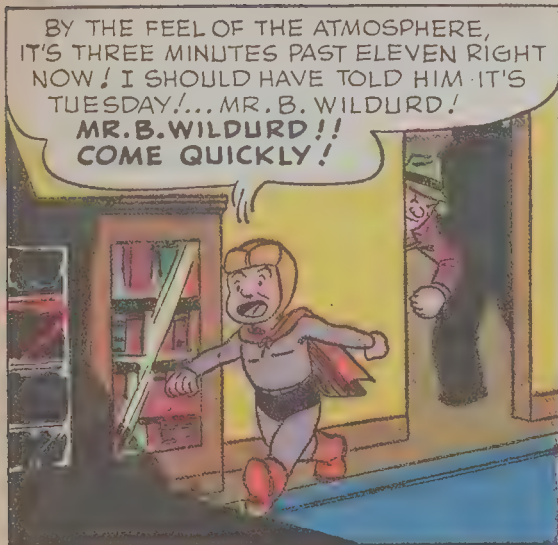














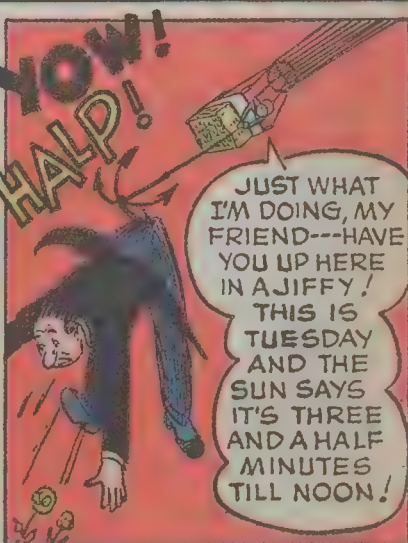
WHILE ALL THIS TIME, IN THE GARDEN...

THE ROSES ARE GROWING NICELY... WONDER WHAT JONES IS DOING... THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CALL ME, BUT I MUST BE MISTAKEN. IMAGINE... TODAY IS GRUNDAY... AND I'D NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE!



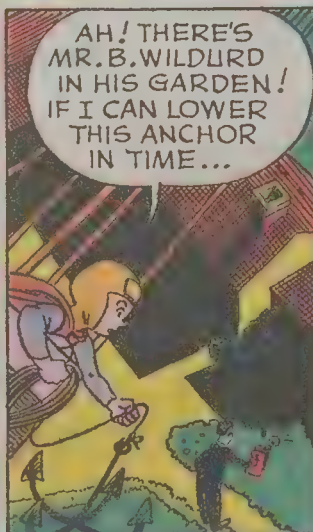
BY NOON YOU'LL BE IN THE CLOUDS, GENIUS JONES!

FAIR GOUNDS



YOW!  
HALP!

JUST WHAT I'M DOING, MY FRIEND--- HAVE YOU UP HERE IN A JIFFY! THIS IS TUESDAY AND THE SUN SAYS IT'S THREE AND A HALF MINUTES TILL NOON!

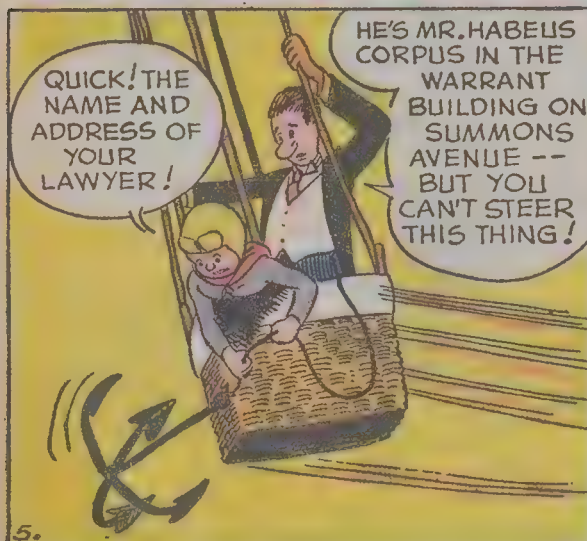


AH! THERE'S MR. B. WILDURD IN HIS GARDEN! IF I CAN LOWER THIS ANCHOR IN TIME...



THE FIENDS! WELL, THE WIND'S BLOWING ME BACK TO TOWN.

HA! HA!



QUICK! THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF YOUR LAWYER!

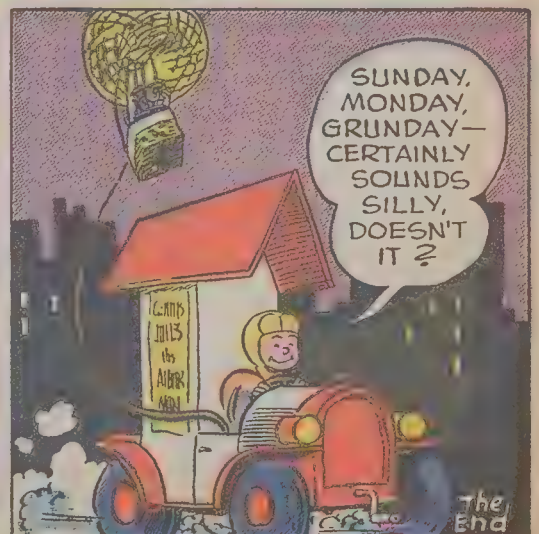
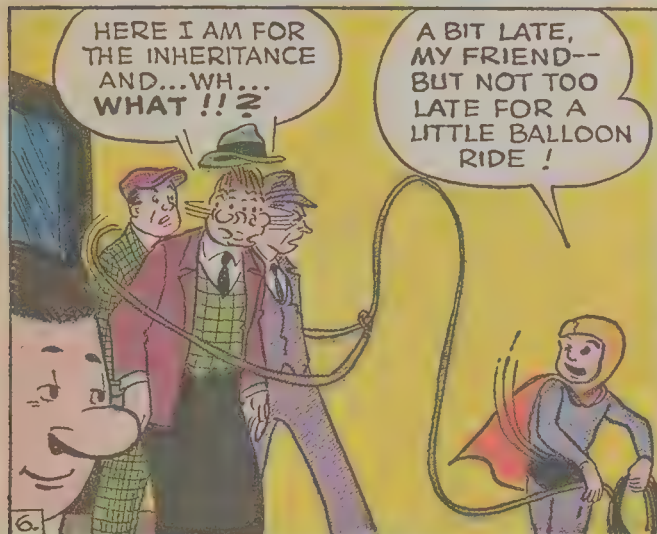
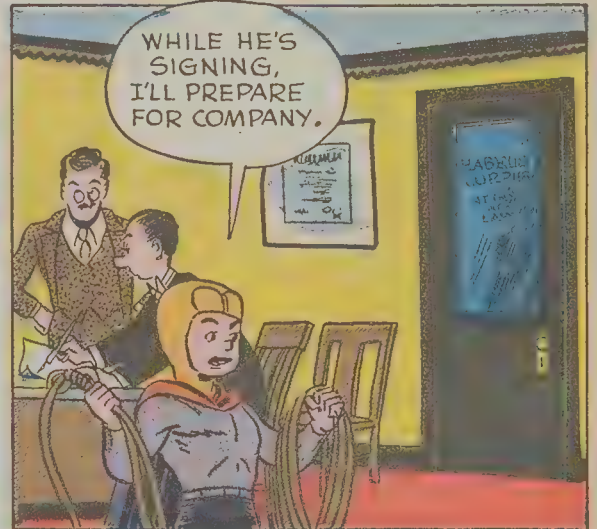
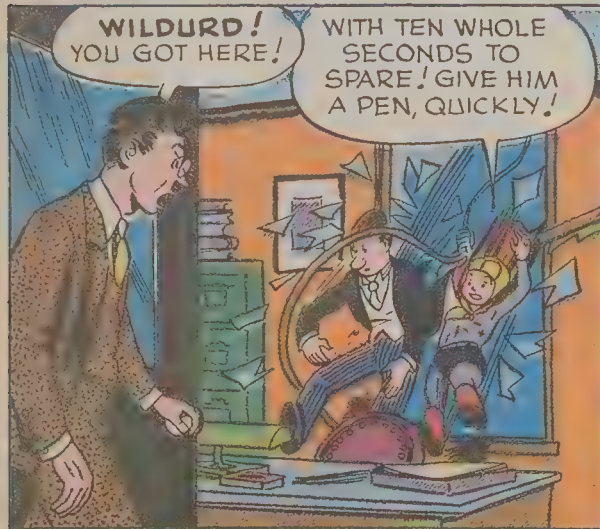
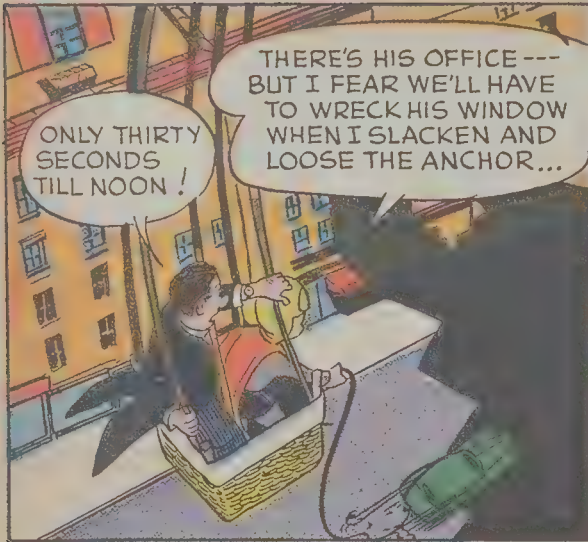
HE'S MR. HABELS CORPUS IN THE WARRANT BUILDING ON SUMMONS AVENUE -- BUT YOU CAN'T STEER THIS THING!



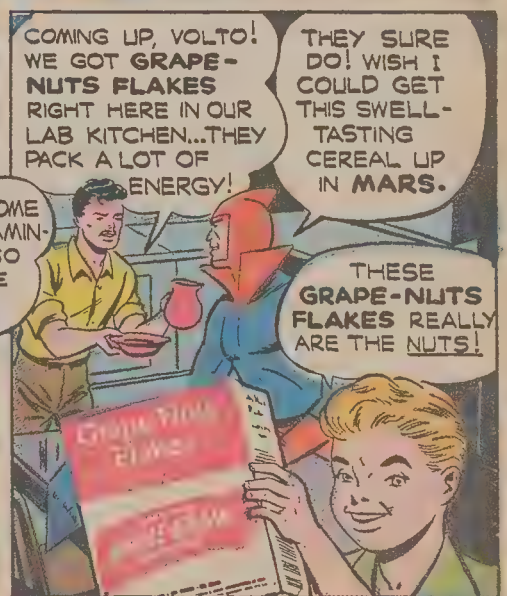
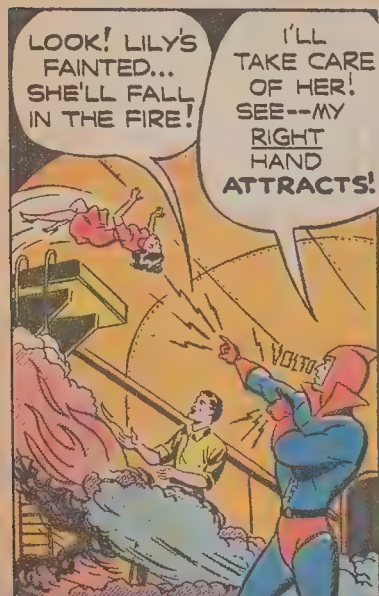
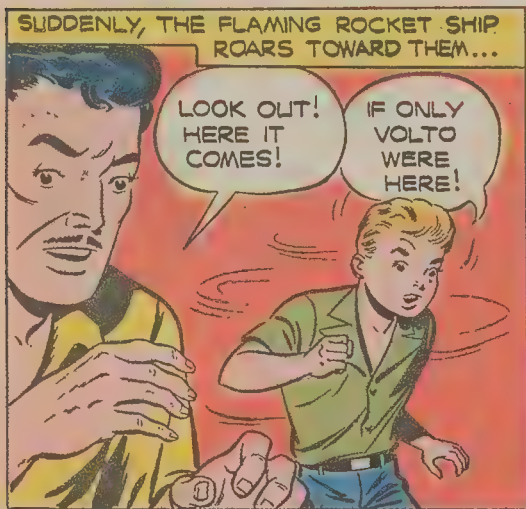
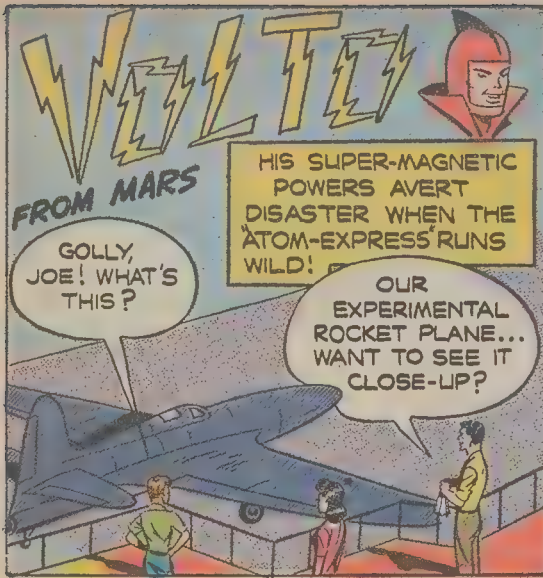
DON'T HAVE TO STEER IT! HOOKED A CAR GOING THE RIGHT WAY!

JONES, YOU'RE MARVELOUS!





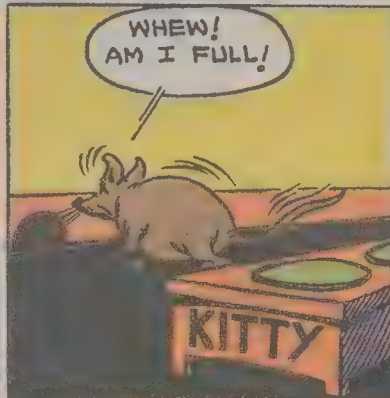
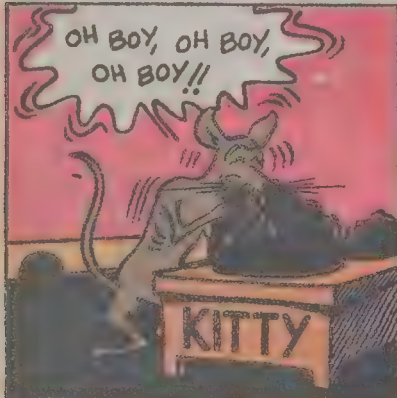
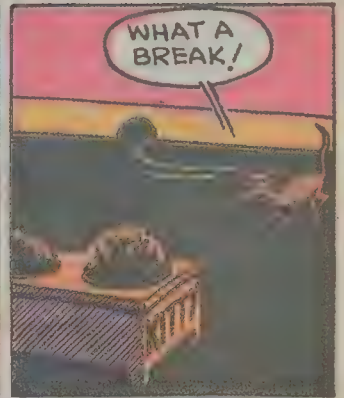








# PRETTY KITTY



Advertisement

## HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!

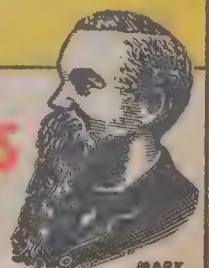
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR SMITH BROTHERS, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.



### SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

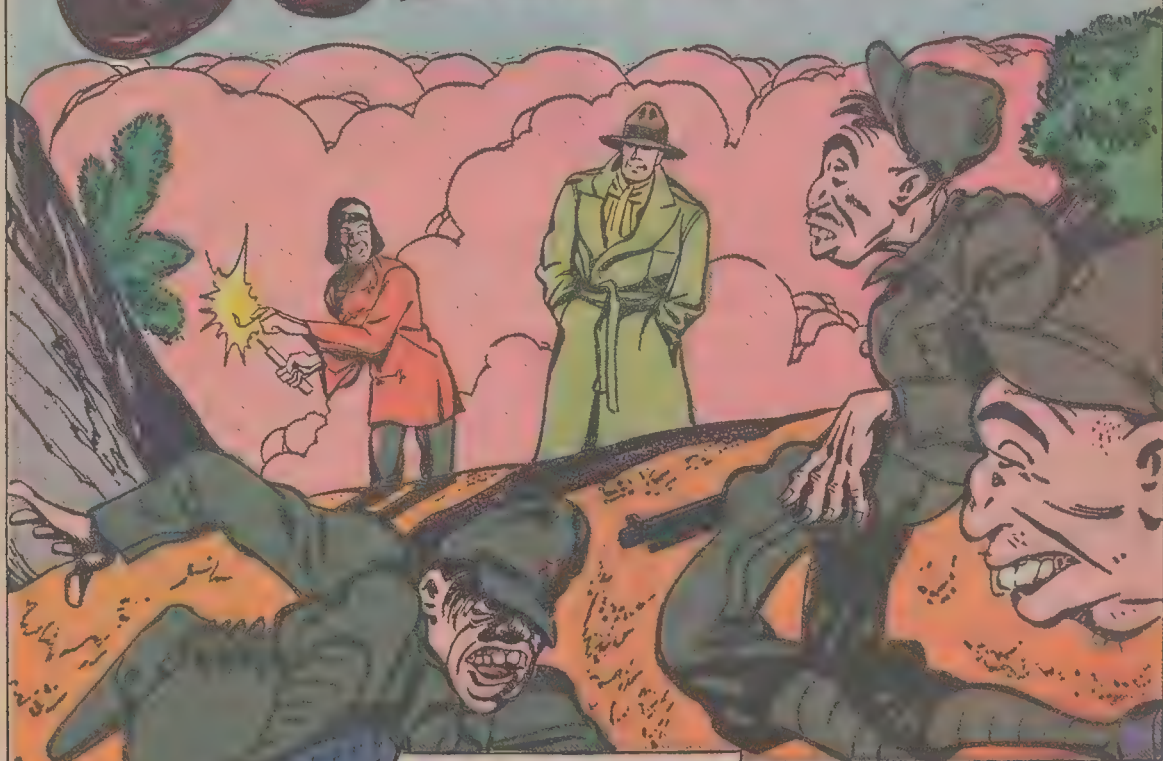
### BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢







# MIKE GIBBS GUERRILLA



AT AMERICAN G.H.Q. IN CHINA AN OLD PROBLEM COMES UP AGAIN...

BUT WAR CORRESPONDENT MIKE GIBBS, ALIAS GUERRILLA, HAS OTHER IDEAS.

THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS, FIGHTING WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS AGAINST A MECHANIZED FOE, DEVELOPED INGENUOUS TRICKS THAT AGAIN AND AGAIN BAFFLED THE BEWILDERED JAPS. AND GUERRILLA-FAMED YANK WRITER-FIGHTER OF THE UNDERGROUND, COUNTED ON HIS ALLIES TO ANNOY THE JAPS PLENTY WHEN HE UNDERTOOK A SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE MISSION... A MISSION THAT DEPENDED ON NIPPONESE COOPERATION TO SUPPLY...

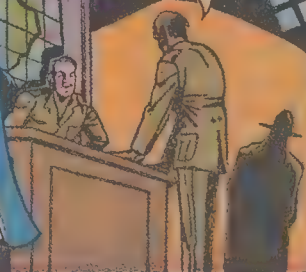
"HONORABLE INFORMATION, PLEASE!"

GENERAL, FOR OUR COMING OFFENSIVE WE NEED INFORMATION ABOUT THE JAP FORCES... BUT THE PRISONERS WE'VE TAKEN WON'T TALK.

WE'LL HAVE TO DEPEND ON OUR OWN SCOUTS, SIR.

I KNOW JAP PSYCHOLOGY... I'LL GET YOU A PRISONER WHO'LL SPILL ANYTHING YOU WANT.

THINK SO, GIBBS? GO RIGHT AHEAD... AND BE READY FOR PLENTY OF KIDDING AFTER YOU'VE FAILED.

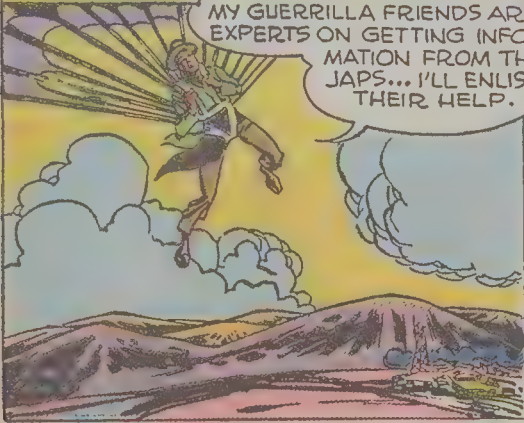




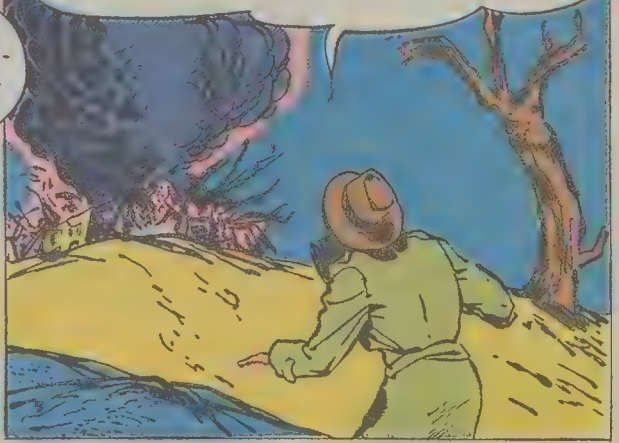


YES, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH GUERRILLA HAS TACKLED THE IMPOSSIBLE THIS TIME. BUT THE FAMED FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM HAS AN IDEA, AND SOON, IN GUERRILLA-HELD TERRITORY...

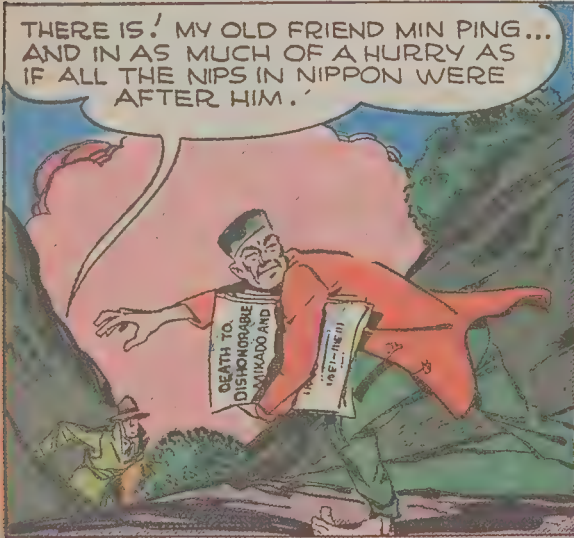
MY GUERRILLA FRIENDS ARE EXPERTS ON GETTING INFORMATION FROM THE JAPS... I'LL ENLIST THEIR HELP.



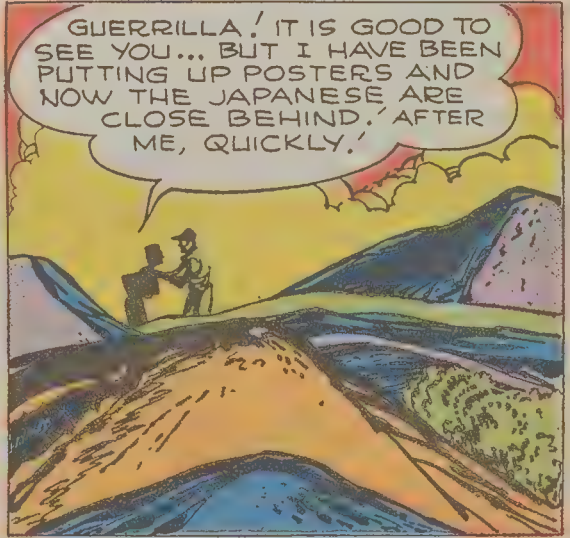
OH, OH, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED. THE DIRTY JAPS HAVE BEEN HERE AND DESTROYED THE VILLAGE. WONDER IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT ALIVE?



THERE IS! MY OLD FRIEND MIN PING... AND IN AS MUCH OF A HURRY AS IF ALL THE NIPS IN NIPPON WERE AFTER HIM.

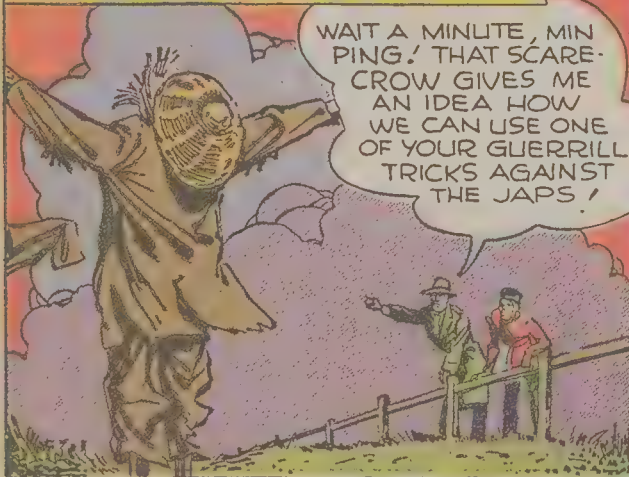


GUERRILLA! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU... BUT I HAVE BEEN PUTTING UP POSTERS AND NOW THE JAPANESE ARE CLOSE BEHIND. AFTER ME, QUICKLY!



PRESENTLY, IN A HARVESTED FIELD...

WAIT A MINUTE, MIN PING! THAT SCARE-CROW GIVES ME AN IDEA HOW WE CAN USE ONE OF YOUR GUERRILLA TRICKS AGAINST THE JAPS!

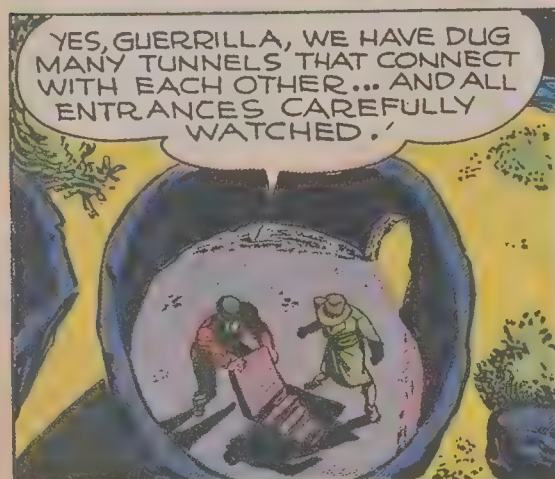
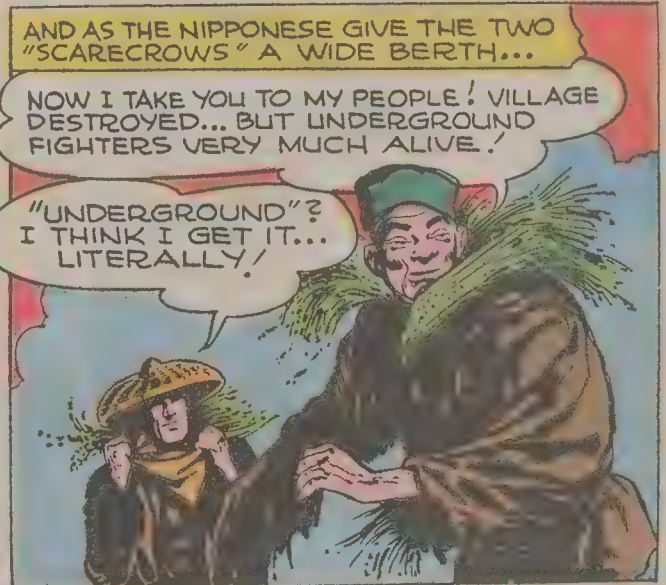
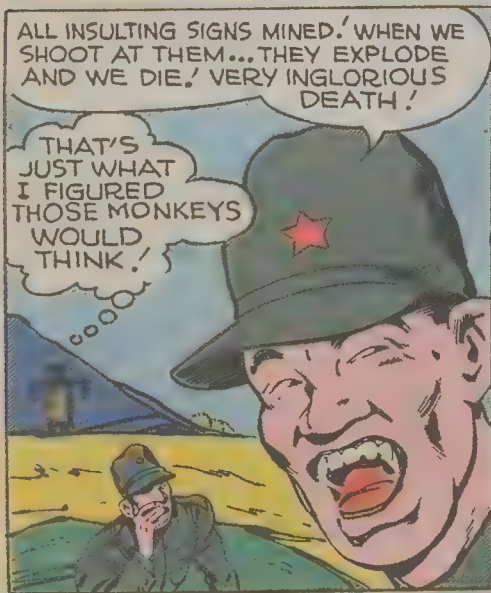
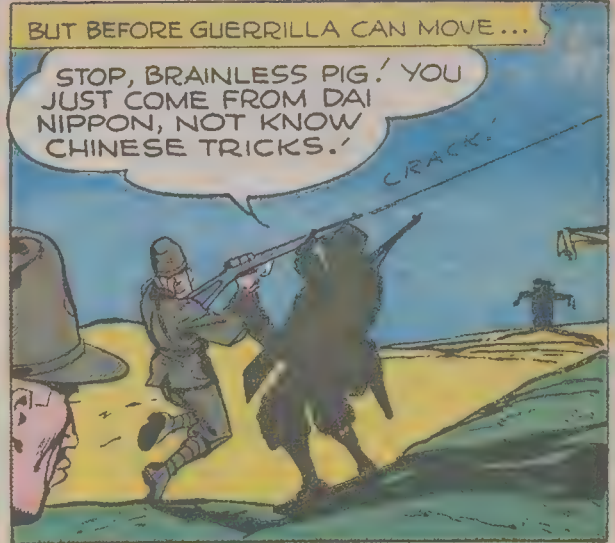


A QUICK CHANGE INTO RUSTIC COSTUME!

NOW WE'LL ADORN OURSELVES WITH THESE POSTERS TAUNTING THE NIPS!



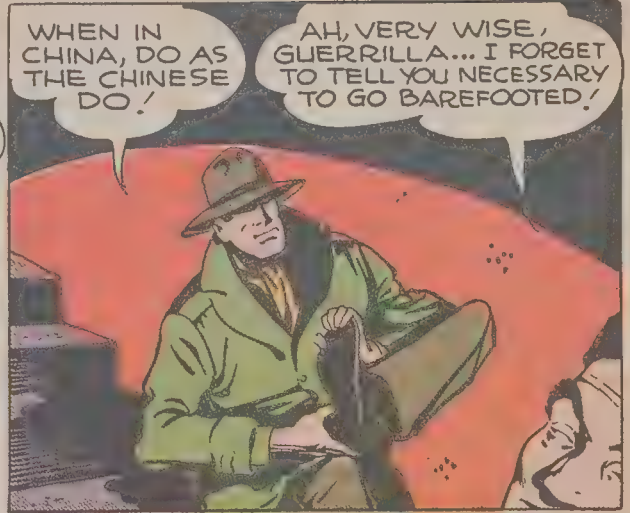




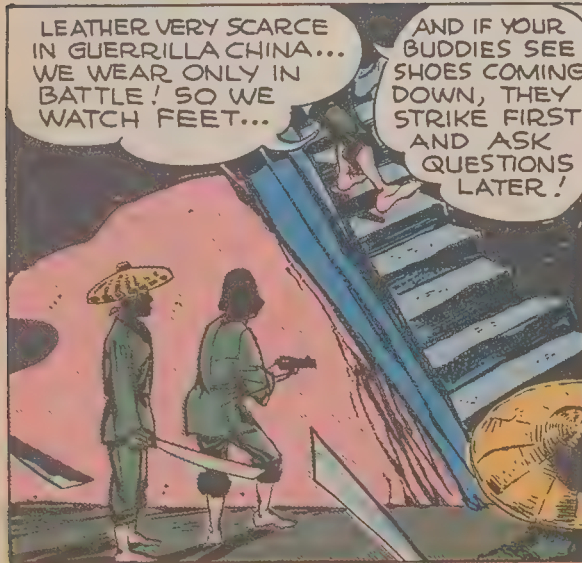




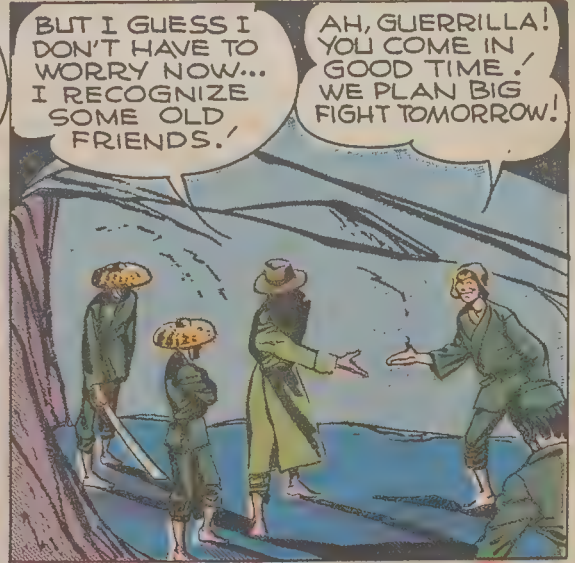
WAIT A MINUTE, MIN PING... YOU FORGOT TO WARN ME ABOUT SOMETHING, AND I'M TAKING NO CHANCES!



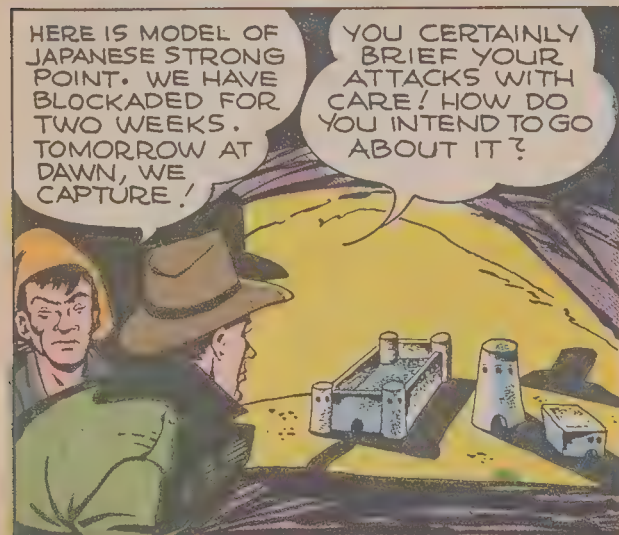
AH, VERY WISE, GUERRILLA... I FORGET TO TELL YOU NECESSARY TO GO BAREFOOTED!



AND IF YOUR BUDDIES SEE SHOES COMING DOWN, THEY STRIKE FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



AH, GUERRILLA! YOU COME IN GOOD TIME! WE PLAN BIG FIGHT TOMORROW!



YOU CERTAINLY BRIEF YOUR ATTACKS WITH CARE! HOW DO YOU INTEND TO GO ABOUT IT?



RIGHT, GUERRILLA... MIN PING WILL LEAD YOU!



SOON, THE GUERRILLAS HAVE TAPPED A NIPPONESE FIELD TELEPHONE LINE.

HELLO, CAPTAIN NAMURA? THIS COLONEL SHIMIZU... WISH TO KNOW SITUATION!



I HAVE JUST TAKEN OVER COMMAND... AND AM TOLD YOU SMARTEST OFFICER MIKADO HAS, AND CAN TELL ME EVERYTHING!

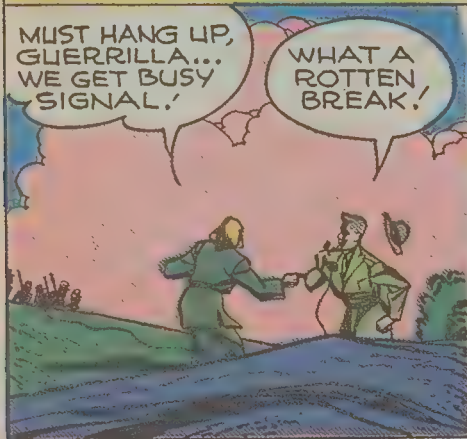
HONORABLE COLONEL, TOO KIND, BUT IS TRUE I KNOW MUCH!



AND THEN, AS BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, JUST AS THE PROUD CAPTAIN NAMURA IS ABOUT TO REVEAL HIGHLY PRIZED MILITARY INFORMATION...

MUST HANG UP, GUERRILLA... WE GET BUSY SIGNAL!

WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK!

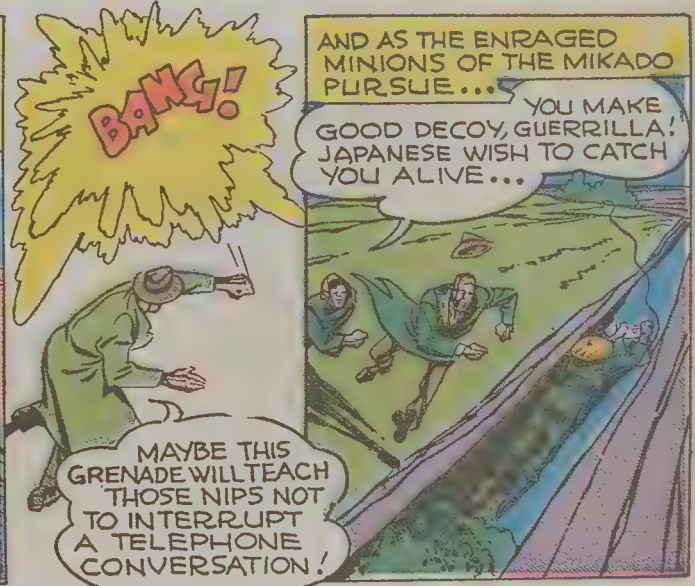


**BANG!**

AND AS THE ENRAGED MINIONS OF THE MIKADO PURSUE...

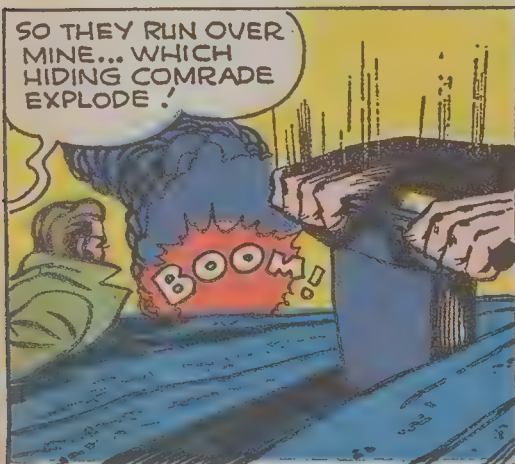
YOU MAKE GOOD DECOY, GUERRILLA! JAPANESE WISH TO CATCH YOU ALIVE...

MAYBE THIS GRENADE WILL TEACH THOSE NIPS NOT TO INTERRUPT A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION!



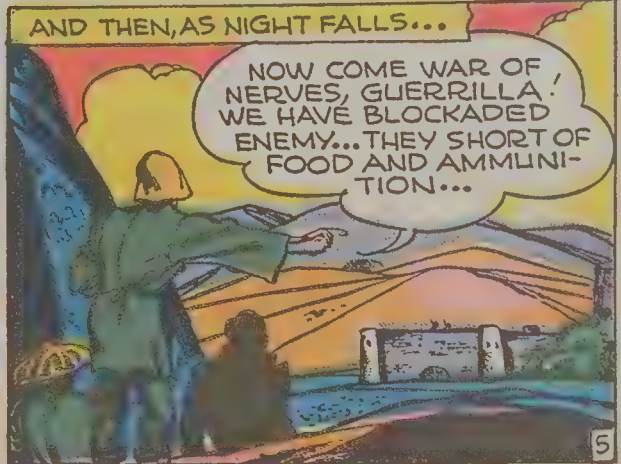
SO THEY RUN OVER MINE... WHICH HIDING COMRADE EXPLODE!

**BOOM!**

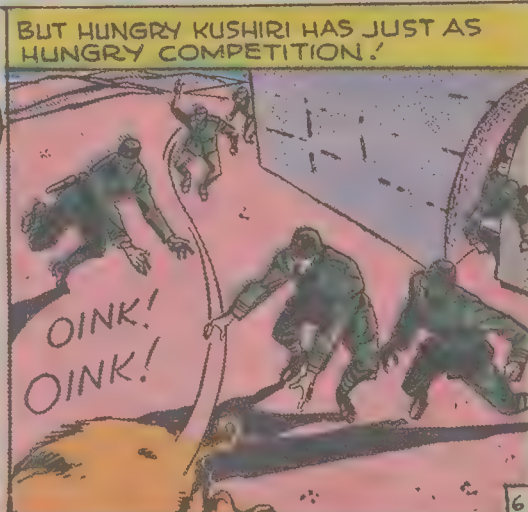
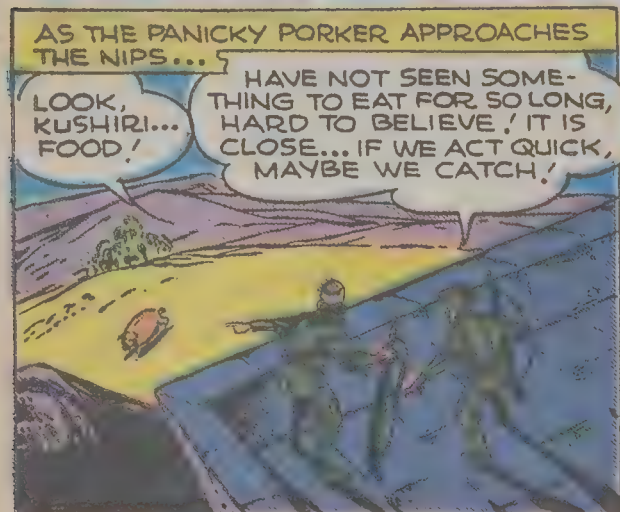
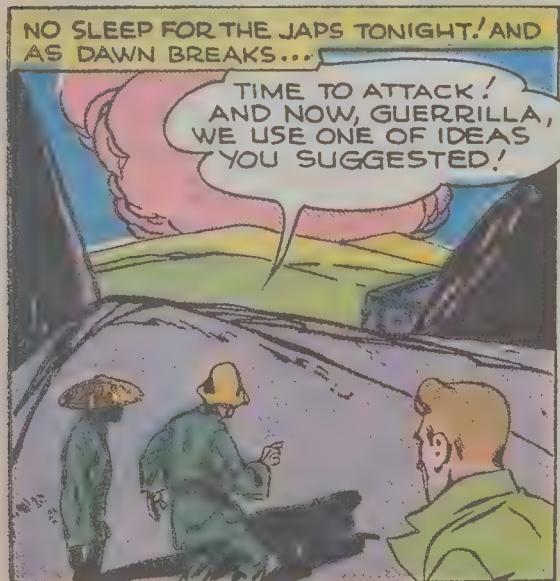
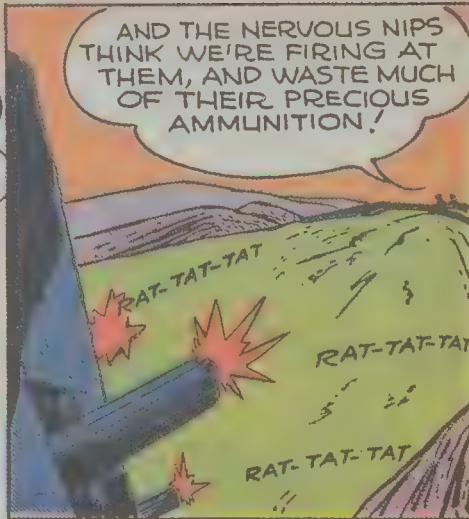


AND THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS...

NOW COME WAR OF NERVES, GUERRILLA! WE HAVE BLOCKADED ENEMY... THEY SHORT OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION...





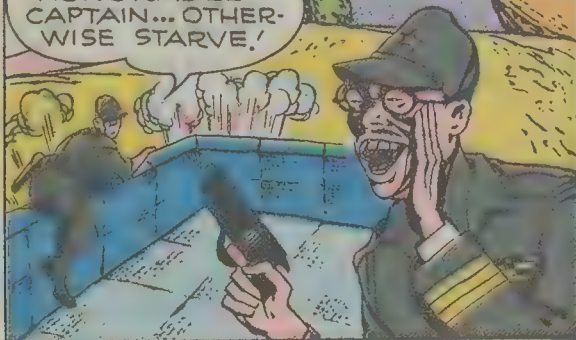




WHILE WITHIN THE STRONGHOLD, CAPTAIN NAMURA RAGES!

COME BACK, STUPID ONES... MAY BE CHINESE TRICK!

MUST TAKE CHANCE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN... OTHERWISE STARVE!



SUDDENLY...

AAAA...



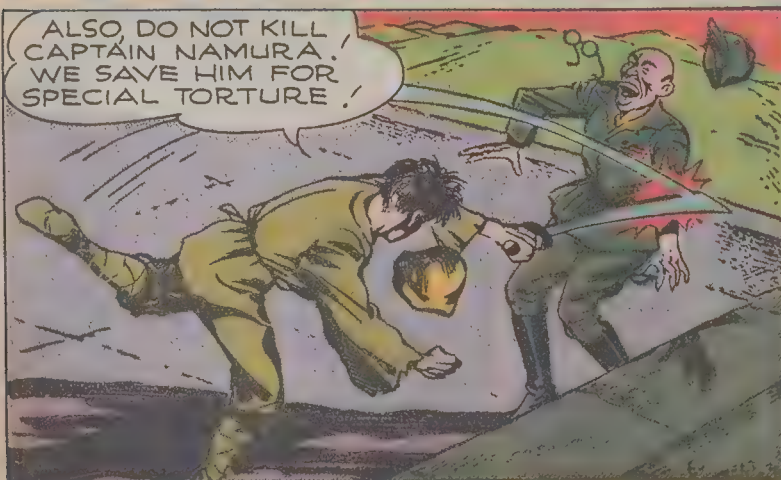
THEY FALL INTO TRAP! NOW WE ATTACK WHAT LEFT OF GARRISON!



DO NOT KILL THOSE WHO WISH TO SURRENDER!



ALSO, DO NOT KILL CAPTAIN NAMURA! WE SAVE HIM FOR SPECIAL TORTURE!

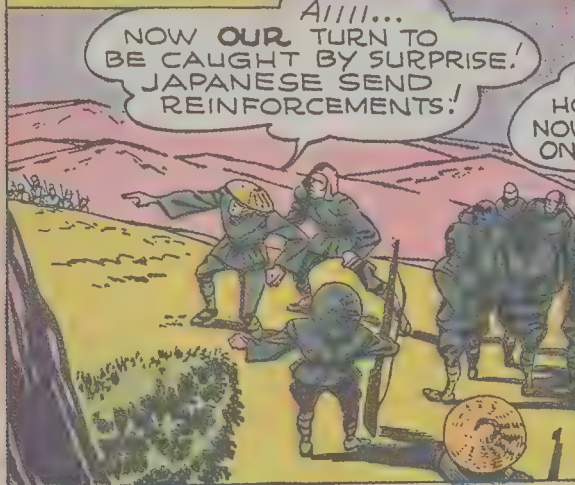


TORTURE?

THAT'S QUITE UNLIKE THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS. AND AS IF THAT REMARK WEREN'T PUZZLING ENOUGH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO GUERRILLA HIMSELF? HE SEEMS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



AS THE GUERRILLAS BEGIN TO MARCH THEIR CAPTIVES AWAY...

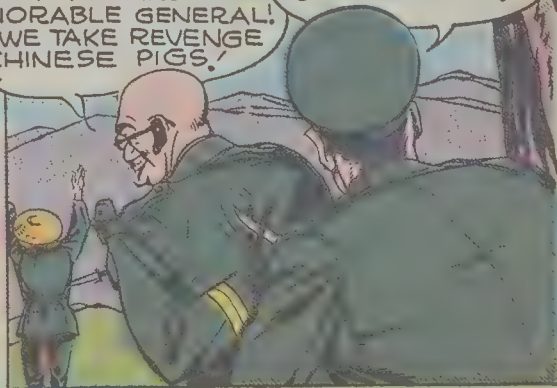


AIIII...  
NOW **OUR** TURN TO BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE!  
JAPANESE SEND REINFORCEMENTS!

MANY THANKS TO HONORABLE GENERAL! NOW WE TAKE REVENGE ON CHINESE PIGS!

A SWIFT SKIRMISH, AND THEN...

I JUST IN TIME, CAPTAIN NAMURA! GENERAL WHO SEND ME REALIZE HOW DESPERATE SITUATION IS!



YES, WE PLAN NEW OFFENSIVE! BUT FIRST GENERAL MUST KNOW ALL ABOUT OUR TROOPS!

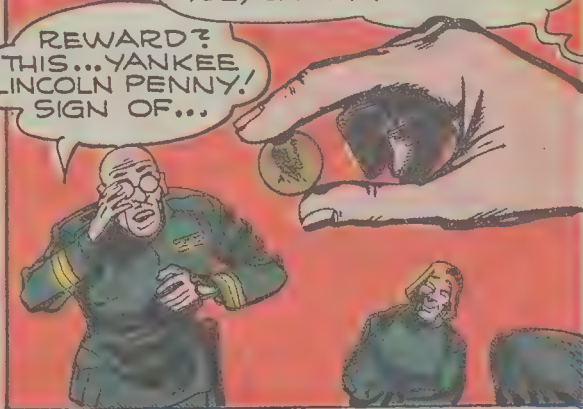
YOU SAVE ME FROM TORTURE... I TELL EVERYTHING! FIRST, ABOUT TROOPS IN NORTH...



MILITARY INFORMATION SPILLS FROM THE GRATEFUL NAMURA...AND THEN...

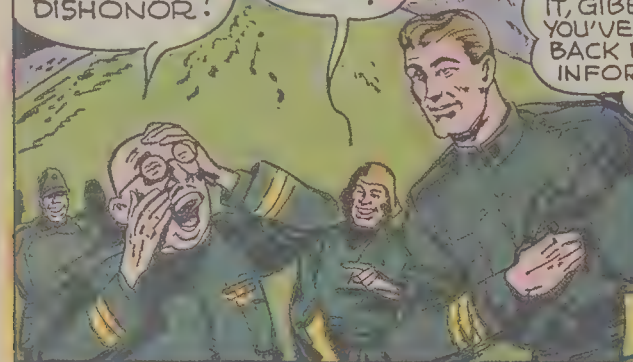
GENERAL WILL BE VERY HAPPY ABOUT INFORMATION! HERE IS REWARD FOR YOU, CAPTAIN NAMURA!

REWARD? THIS...YANKEE LINCOLN PENNY! SIGN OF...



GUERRILLA! AIIII... I TELL YOU EVERYTHING! AM FULL OF DISHONOR!

YES, IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE YOU FEEL WORSE! THAT IS TORTURE WE PLAN FOR YOU!

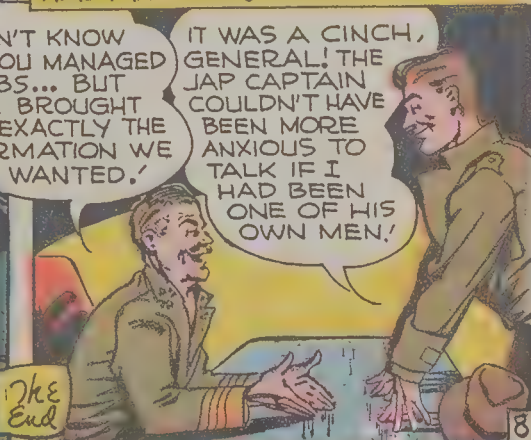


I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED IT, GIBBS... BUT YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK EXACTLY THE INFORMATION WE WANTED!

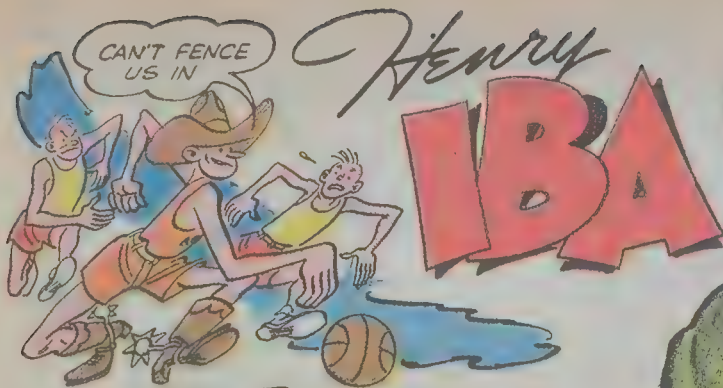
MIN PING AND GUERRILLA SAY FAREWELL! AND AT G.H.Q., MIKE GIBBS HAS ANOTHER SCOOP!

IT WAS A CINCH, GENERAL! THE JAP CAPTAIN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE ANXIOUS TO TALK IF I HAD BEEN ONE OF HIS OWN MEN!

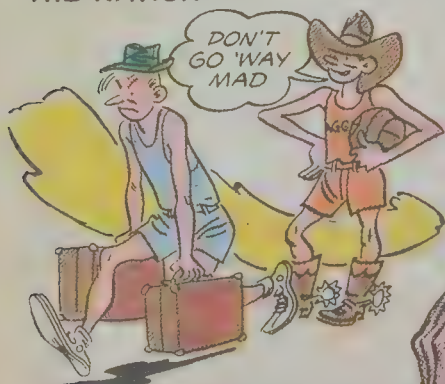
The End



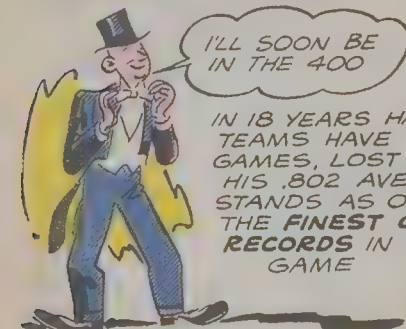




IBA'S 1944-45  
"COWBOY" FIVE  
WON THE NATIONAL  
COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N  
CHAMPIONSHIP, THEN DEFEATED THE  
NATIONAL INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL  
TOURNAMENT WINNER, DE PAUL, FOR  
OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF  
THE NATION

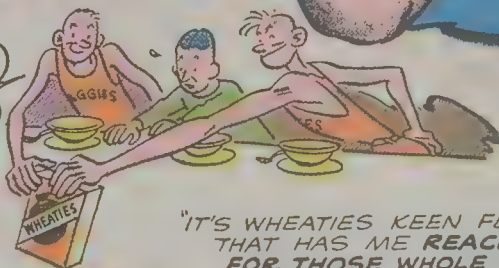


ALTHOUGH  
THEY'RE INTERSECTIONAL  
FAVORITES, THE AGGIES LIKE  
HOME BEST. GAVE IBA A  
HOME-GAME WINNING  
STREAK OF 47 GAMES



IN 18 YEARS HANK IBA'S  
TEAMS HAVE WON 384  
GAMES, LOST ONLY 95.  
HIS .802 AVERAGE  
STANDS AS ONE OF  
THE FINEST COACHING  
RECORDS IN THE  
GAME

NEXT  
YEAR I'LL  
BUILD A  
TEAM OF  
MIDGETS



"IT'S WHEATIES KEEN FLAVOR  
THAT HAS ME REACHING  
FOR THOSE WHOLE WHEAT  
FLAKES PLENTY OFTEN,"  
SAYS CHAMPION COACH  
IBA. "GOOD NOURISH-  
MENT AND WINNING  
FLAVOR MAKES A  
COMBINATION THAT'S  
HARD TO BEAT. I THINK  
YOU'LL FIND THAT'S  
TRUE WHEN YOU TRY  
WHEATIES"

**L**EARNS HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION  
BASKETBALL. GET WHEATIES NEW  
BOOK, "WANT TO BE A BASKET-  
BALL CHAMPION?" 32 PAGES!  
LOTS OF PICTURES! SEE  
WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR  
COMPLETE INFORMATION ON  
HOW TO GET YOUR COPY... LEARN  
ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR  
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HOW TO GET  
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HIS OKLAHOMA  
AGGIES WERE  
BASKETBALL'S  
BEST IN  
1944-45





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Here Is The Low Priced Quality Compass  
That Everyone Has Been Waiting For!

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# "VEST POCKET" POWER

## Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

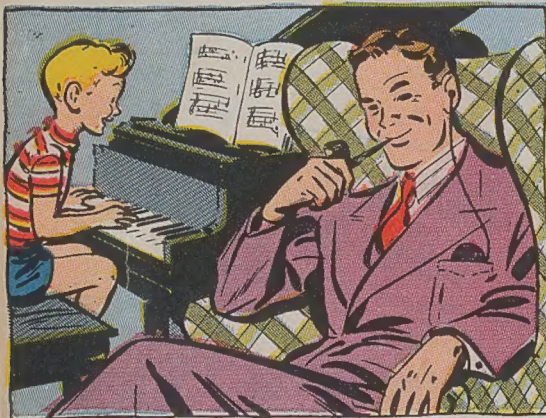
**E**LECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

**HANDIE-TALKIE**—five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring, auto racing.



**BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID**—lets Dad hear those first tunes. It is 4¾ by 2½ inches, weighs but 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery—available now—has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.



• An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery—22½ volts of power—nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



**SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE**, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, now available.



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